The Gentle Craft.

A DISCOURSE

Containing many matters of Delight, very pleasant to be read:

Shewing what famous men have been SHOO-MAKERS in time past in this Land, with their worthy deeds and great Hospitality.

Set forth with Pictures, and variety of Wit and Mirth.

Declaring the cause why it is called the GENTLE CRAFT: and also how the Proverb first grew.

A Shoomakers Son is a Prince born. T. D.

With gentlenesse judge you,
At nothing here grudge you;
The merry Shoomakers delight in good sport,
What here is presented,
Be therewith contented;
And as you do like it, so give your report.

Haud curo invidiam.

LONDON, Printed for *John Stafford*, and are to be sold at his house in Saint *Brides* Church-yard. 1648.

To all the good Yeomen of the GENTLE CRAFT.

YOu that the Gentle Craft profeſſe, liſt to my Words both more and leſſe:
And I ſhall tell you many things, of Worthy and renowned Kings;
And divers Lords and Knights alſo, that were Shoomakers long a goe;
Some of them in their diſtreſſe, delighted in this buſineſſe;
And ſome, for whom great wait was laid, did ſave their lives by this ſame trade:
Other ſome, in ſport and game, delighted much to learne the ſame,
No other Trade in all the Land, they thought ſo fit unto their hand;
For ever more they ſtil did find, that Shoomakers bore a gallant mind:
Men they were of high conceit, the which wrought many a merry feat;
Stout of courage were they ſtill, and in their weapons had great skill,
Travellers by ſea and land, each Country guiſe to underſtand.
Wrong they wrought not any man, with reaſon all things did they ſcan:
Good houſes keept they evermore, releeving both the ſicke and poore.
In law no mony would they ſpend, their quarrels friendly would they end.
No malice did they beare to any, but ſhew'd great favour unto many;
Offences ſoone they would forgive, they would not in contention live;
Thus in joy they ſpent their dayes, with pleaſant ſongs and roundelayes,
And God did bleſſe them with content, ſufficient for them he ſent;
And never yet did any know, a Shoomaker a begging goe:
Kind are they one to another, uſing each ſtranger as his brother.
Thus liv'd Shoomakers of old, as ancient Writers have it told:
And thus Shoomakers ſtill would be, ſo fame from them ſhall never flee.

To all courteous READERS, health.

HOw Saint *Hugh* was ſon unto the renowned King of *Powis*, a noble Brittaine borne, who in the prime of his yeares loved the faire Virgin *Winifred*, who was the only daughter of *Donwallo*, which was the laſt King that ever reigned in *Tegina*, which is now called Flint-ſhire. But ſhe refuſing all offers of love, was only pleaſed with a religious life. Her father was ſent to *Rome*, and died; whoſe Lady left her life long before. This Virgin therefore forſook her fathers Princely Palace in *Pont Varry*, and made her whole abiding in the moſt ſweet pleaſent valley of *Sichnaunt*, and lived there ſolitarily, and careleſſe of all company or comfort. It chanced that in Summers heat, this faire Virgin being greatly diſtreſſed for lack of drink, and not knowing where to get any, there ſprang up ſuddenly a Chriſtall ſtream of moſt ſweet and pleaſant water out of the hard ground, whereof this Virgin did daily drink: unto the which God himſelfe gave ſo great a vertue, that many people having beene waſhed therein, were healed of divers and ſundry infirmities wherewith they were borne. Moreover, round about this Well where this Virgin did uſe to walke, did grow a kind of Moſſe, which is of a moſt ſweet ſavour, and the colour thereof is as freſh in Winter as in Summer, ſo that lying thereon, you would ſuppoſe your ſelfe to be on a bed of Down perfumed with moſt precious odours. And what of all this; Marry read the booke and you ſhall know; but read nothing except you read all. And why ſo? Becauſe the begining ſhews not the middle, and the middle ſhews not the latter end.

And ſo farewell.

The pleasant History of S. HUGH; and first of all, his most constant love to the faire Virgin WINIFRED.

SOnquering and most imperious Love, having seized on the heart of young Sir Hugh, all his wits were set on worke, how for to compasse the love of the faire Virgin Winifred, whose disdain was the chiefe cause of his care; having received many infinite sorrows for her sake: but as a streame of water being stopt, overfloweth the bank; so smothered desire doth burst out into a great flame of fire, which made this male-contented Lover to seeke some meanes to appease the strife of his contentious thoughts, whereupon he began to encourage himselfe: Tush Hugh, let not a few forward words of a woman dismay thee; for they love to be intreated, and delight to be woed, though they would make the world beleeve otherwise: for their denyals proceed more of nicenesse then niggardlinesse, refusing that they would fainest have. What if somtimes Winifred frown on thee? yet her favours may exceed her frowardnesse. The Sunne is sometimes overcast with clouds, so that his brightnesse is not seen. In wars the sorer the fight is, the greater is the glory of the victory; and the harder a woman is to be won, the sweeter is her love when it is obtained: wherefore Ile once againe try my fortune, and see what successe my sute shall find. On this resolution sir Hugh returned to Winifred, greeting her thus. Now faire La-

dy,

by, having slept away the remembrance of your sharp answers; I come againe in a new conceit, to revive an old suite, and to see if the change of the day will yeeld a change of dolours. Truly Sir Hugh, (quoth shee) if with the change of the day you have changed your opinion: your dolour will be driven away well enough: but as touching your suite, it shall be needlesse to repeate it, because I am not willing to preferre it.

Stay there (quoth Sir Hugh) I will preferre it, so that you will accept it. Now quoth she, I will accept it, if you will preferre it, in sending it back to the place from whence it proceeded, and I would to God I could send you away as soone as your suite. Why then belike I am not welcome, said Sir Hugh, Yes quoth shee, as welcome to me, as a storme to a distressed Mariner: I muse greatly that reason will not rule you, nor words win you from your wilfulnesse: if you were as weary to wooe as I am weary to heare you, I am perswaded that long since you would have ceased your vain suite. You think by these perswasions to turn my opinion; but as well you may think that you may quench fire with oyle: therefore I pray you good Sir Hugh, be not so tedious unto me, nor troublesome to your selfe.

Come, come, quoth he, all this will not serve your turn, ponder with thy selfe Winifred that thou art faire, O that thou wert as favourable; thy beauty hath bound me to be thy servant, and never to cease, till I see another obtaine thee, or my selfe be possessed of my hearts content. Thou art a Kings daughter, and I a Princes sonne, staine not the glory of true Nobility with the foule sin of obstinacy, but be thou as kind as thou art courtly, and gentle as thou art noble, and then shall our strife soone end.

Winifred perceiving that the further off she was to grant love, the more eager he was to desire it, shifted him off thus: Sir, although your importunitie drive me into the greater doubtfulnesse, yet let me intreat you, if you love me, to give me one months respite to consider on this matter, and it may be that upon my better deliberation it shall be pleasing unto you, and not at all discontent me.

Faire love quoth he, far be it from my heart to deny so kind a request; I am content to stay a month from thy sight, were it two or three, upon condition, that thou wouldest then grant me thy good will: three months, although it be very long, yet it will come at last, and I could be content for that time to be dead for thy sake, insomuch that my life might be renewed by thy love.

Nay (quoth Winifred) stay three months and stay for ever: by this a Maid may see how ready men are upon a light occasion to take long dates, whose loves are like a Ferne bush, soone set one fire, and soone consumed: and seeing it is so, in faith Sir Hugh, I doe meane to try you better before I trust you.

Pardon me faire Winifred, said Sir Hugh, if my tongue doe outstrip my wit:

wit: in truth I speak but to please thee, though to displease my selfe: but I pray thee, let it not be three houres, nor three quarters of an houre, if thou wilt.

Nay, nay, (quoth she) your first word shall stand: after three months come to me againe, and then you shall know my mind to the full, and so good Sir Hugh be gone: but if I doe ever heare from thee, or see thee betwixt this time and the time prefixed, I will for ever hereafter blot thy name out of my booke of Remembrances, and never yeeld thee that courtisie which thou at this time so earnestly intreatest for.

Sir Hugh upon these words departed betwixt hope and dread, much like to a man committing a trespasse, that stayed for the sentence of life or death.

O unhappy man, quoth he, how hath my over slippery tongue lengthened the time of my sorrow: she of her selfe most courteously requested of me but one months stay, and I most willingly and unadvisedly added thereto eight weeks more of misery; much like the Hind, that having a knife given him to paire his nailes, did therewith murder himselfe.

Now I could wish that the Sun had Eagles wings, swiftly to fly through the faire firmament, and finish six dayes in one dayes time. With that he began to count the dayes and houres that were in three months, falling (in a manner) to dispaire with himselfe when he found them so many in number; and therewithall melancholily and sadly he went to his Fathers house, where his brother Griffith found by his countenance the perfect map of a pensive lover: whereupon he said unto him.

Why, how now brother: hath Winifreds faire beauty so greatly wounded you, as you cannot speak a merry word to your friend, but sit in a corner, as if you were tongueles like a Stock? Tush brother, women are like shaddowes, for the more a man follows them, the faster they run away: but let a man turn his course, and then they will presently follow him. What, man? Pluck up a good heart: for there are more women now, then lived in the time of our old father Adam.

O, said Hugh, were there ten thousand times more then there are now, what were that to me, if Winifred be unkinde? Yet is she the onely that still maintaines the lamp of my light, and without her there is nothing comfortable to my sight.

Then (replyed Griffith) you are as much troubled in love, as a Goat in an ague, and as blind as a Flie in October, that will stand still while a man cuts off his head. Come, goe a hunting with me, that will drive away your overfond conceits, and you shall see that these three months will come upon you as a quarter day upon a poore man that hath never a penney ready towards the payment of his rent.

CHAP. II.

How beautiful *Winifred* being over-much superstitious, forsook her fathers wealth, and lived poorely by a springing Fountain, from whence no man could get her to go; which Spring to this day is called *Winifreds* Well.

Winifred, who had but of late yeeres with her own father received the Christian Faith, became so superstitious, that she thought the wealth of the world forever would have been an heavy burthen for her soule, and have drawne her mind from the love of her Maker; wherefore forsaking all manner of earthly pomp, she lived along time very poorely, hard by the side of a most pleasant springing Well; from which place neither her friends by intreaty, nor her foes by violence could bring her; which Sir Hugh hearing, he went thither immediately after unto her, which was the time limited by them both, and finding her mind altogether altered, he wondered not a little what she meant. And when he approached near unto the place where she sate, all suted in simple attire, he saluted her with these words.

All health to faire Winifred: I trust (my Deare) that now the Destinies have yeelded a convenient opportunity for me to finish my long begun suit, with the end of my former sorrowes. Long and tedious hath the winter of my woes been, which with nipping rare hath blasted the beauty of my youthfull delight, which is like never again to flourish, except the bright Sunshine of thy favour doe renew the same: therefore (fair Love) remember thy promise made unto me, and put me no more off with unpleasing delayes.

She (which all this while sat solemnly reading in her booke) lent little care unto his words; which he perceiving, pluckt her by the arme, saying: Wherefore answereth not my faire Love, to her dearest perplexed friend?

What

What would you have, quoth he? Can I never be quiet for you? Is there no corner of content in this world to be found?

Yes Winifred, said he, content dwels here, or no where; content me, and I will content thee. If my content may be thy content, then read this book, and there rest content, said Winifred; and if thou refuse this, then think not to find content on earth.

Sir Hugh replied, What, is this all the reward I shall have for obeying your heart-cutting commandment. Have I thus long hoped, and find no better hap? You wot well that it is now three long months since these eyes took comfort of thy beauty, and since that time that my bleeding heart hath received joy in thy great gentleness.

I have forgot you quite, said she; what three moneths is that you speak of? for my part I assure you, that it is as far out of my mind as you are from the mount of Calvary.

Faire Winifred (quoth he) have you forgotten me, and therewithall my Love which was so effectually grounded upon your good liking? You told me, that now I should receive an answer to my content.

O Sir (quoth she) you have staied over long, and your words are in my hearing as unprofitable as snow in harvest. Your love is fled to heaven, from whence no earthly man can fetch it, and therefore build not on vain hope, nor do thou deceive thy selfe by following an unprofitable suit: if ever I love earthly man, it shall be thee, insomuch as thou hast deserved an earthly Ladies love; but my love is settled for ever, both in this world, and in the world to come; and this I most earnestly intreat thee to take for a finall answer.

With that Sir Hugh turning his head aside, wept most bitterly, and in going a way, he glanced his eye still back again after his Love, saying to himselfe: O unconstant women, wavering and uncertain, how many sorrows are fond men drawn into by your wily inticements: who are also swallowed up in the gaping gulf of care, whils they listen after the heart-liking sound of your inchanting voices. O Winifred, full little did I think that so hard a heart could have been shrowded under so sweet and loving a countenance: but seeing that my good will is thus unkindly requited, I will altogether abhor the sight of women, and I will seek the world throughout, but I will find out some blessed plot, where no kind of such corrupt cattell do breed.

Hereupon all in a hot hasty humour he made preparation for to go beyond the Seas, suiting himselfe after the nature of a melancholly man, and arriving in France, he took his journey towards Paris, which City (at that time) was well replenished with many goodly faire women, as well as Britain, though to his thinking nothing so lovely, but nevertheless what they wanted in beauty, they had in bravery: which when Sir Hugh saw, he suddenly departed from that place, counting it the most pernicious place in the whole Countrey; and from thence he went into Italy, where he found such state-

by Dames, and lovely Ladies, whom nature had adorned with all perfection of outward beauty, whose sight put him again in remembrance of his faire Love, which like fresh fuell newly augmented the flame of his burning desire, O (said he) how unhappy am I to be haunted by these heart tormenting fiends, bewitching the eyes of simple men with Angel-like faces, and like enchanting Circes, bringing them to a labyrinth of continuall woes.

O Winifred, thy perverseness hath bred my dangers, and done thy selfe no good at all. Thou sittest weeping by a Christall streame, where is no need of water, while I wander up and down, seeking to forget thee; thou never remembrest me, having drawn the fountaine of mine eyes dry through thy discourteous disdain. Might I never see any of thy sex, my heart would be more at quiet, but every place where I come puts me in mind of thy perfections, and therewithall renewes my pain: but I will from hence as soon as possible I can, though not so soon as I would for feare lest these sweet Serpents should sting me to death with delight.

Hereupon he passed on so far, that at length he came to a City situated in the Sea, and compassed with the wild Ocean, (quoth sir Hugh) is a fit place for melancholly men: where it is supposed no women do live, insomuch that their delicate bodies cannot abide the least labour of the mounting waves: if it be so, there will I make my residence, counting it the most blessed place under Heaven. But he was no sooner set on land, but he beheld whole troops of lovely Ladies, passing up and down in most sumptuous attire, framing their gestures answereable to their beauties and comly personages.

Nay, now I see (quoth Sir Hugh) that the whole world is infected with these deceiving Syrens and therfore in vain it is for me to seek for that I shall never find, and therwithal sought for some house wherein he might hide himself from them. But by that time he was set to supper, comes a crue of courtlike Dames richly attired, and with wanton eyes and pleasant speech they boldly sate down by him; and perceiving him to be a stranger, they were not strange to allure him to their delight whereof while he sat at meat, they yeelded him such mirth as their best skill could afford; and stretching their nimble fingers, playing on their sweet sounding Instruments, they sang this ensuing song with such cleare and quavering voices, as had been sufficient to allure chast hearted Xenocrates unto folly; and still as they did sing, Sir Hugh answered in the last line, insomuch as it seemed to be a Dialogue between them; and in this manner following, the women began their song.

The Curtizans song of Venice.

Ladies. WElcome to *Venice*, gentle courteous Knight,
Cast off care, and enter in content.
If any here be gracious in thy sight,
Do but request, and she shall soon consent:
Loves wings are swift, then be not thou so slow

Hugh.

Hugh. Oh that faire *Winifred* would once say so.
Ladies Within my lap lay down thy comely head,
And let me stroke those golden locks of thine,
Looke on the teares that for thy sake I shed,
And be thou Lord of any thing is mine,
One gentle looke upon thy Love bestow,
Hugh. Oh that faire *Winifred* would once say so.
Ladies Embrace with joy thy Lady in thine armes,
And with all pleasures passe to thy delight:
If thou doest think the light will work our harmes,
Come, come to bed, and welcome all the night;
There shalt thou find, what Lovers ought to know,
Hugh. Oh that faire *Winifred* would once say so.
Ladies. Give me those pearles as pledges of thy Love,
And with those pearles the favour of thy heart,
Do not from me thy sugred breath remove.
That double comfort gives to every part:
Nay stay Sir Knight, from hence thou shalt not go.
Hugh Oh that faire *Winifred* would once say so.

When Sir Hugh had heard this song, and therewithall noted their wanton gestures, he began to grow suspitious of their proffers, and thinking in himselfe, that either they thought his destruction, as the Syrens did to Ulysses; or that they intended to make a prey of his purse, as Lais did of her lovers: and therefore supposing some Adder to lie lurking under the fair flowers of their proffered pleasures, he determined the next morning after (with speed) to depart from the City. So when he had with good discretion avoided their company, while he lay tormented with restlesse thoughts on his still tossed bed, began thus to meditate.

Now I wel see mine own vanity, that is as ill pleased with womens favor, as their frowns; how often have I with heart sighing sorrow complained of womens unkindnesse, making large invectives against their discourtesies? And yet here where I find women as kind as they are faire, and courteous as they are comely, I runne into a world of doubts, and so suspitious of their faire proffers, as I was earnest to winne Winifreds favour. It may be (quoth he) that it is the nature of this gentle soyle to breed as kinde creatures, as the Country of Brittaine breeds coy Dames.

Undoubtedly, had my love first taken life in this kind and courteous Climate, she would have beene as kind as they. If I misjudge not of their gentlenesse, because I have alwayes beene inured to scornfulnesse; me thinks they are too faire to be harlots, and too bold to be honest; but as they have no cause to hate me that never hurt them, so have they little cause to love me, being a far stranger born, to them a man altogether unknown.

But it may be that this time of the yéere is onely unfortunate for Lovers; as it is certainly known to all men, that every season of the yéere brédes a sundrie commoditie; for Roses flourish in June, and Gilly flowers in August, and never of them both doth so in the cold Winter. Such as séek for fruit on the sapleſſe trées in the moneth of January, lose their labours as well as their longing: then why should I covet to gather fruits of love, when I sée that love is not yét ripe? Now let me observe the season that yeelds the sweetest comfort of love-sick persons, and so I may reape the joyfull fruits of hearts content: I will therefore return to my former Love, hopeing now to find her as friendly, as at my departure she was froward: I will once againe intreat her, and speak her exceeding faire; for with many drops the hardest stone is pierc'd; so also with many importunate intreaties a flinty heart may be moved to some remorse. I take no pleasure at all in any place, but onely in her presence, with the which she continually graceth a running streame; far be it from her minde, to kisse her own shadow in the Chrystall spring, and to be in love with her own similitude; for so she might be spoiled as Narcissus was: for it is commonly séene, that sudden dangers follows fond opintons: so with this and the like thoughts he drove out the night till the Suns bright eye began to péep at his chamber window, at which time dressing himselfe, he went to the water side, where he found a ship ready to transport rich merchandize into the western Ilands, in the which Sir Hugh became a passenger. But when they were put off to Sea, there arose so sudden a storme, and of long continuance, that no man looked for life, but expected every moment present death, so that the Mariners quite forsooke the tackle, and the Master the helme, committing themselves to God, and their ship to the mercy of the swelling Seas, by whose furious waves they were sometime tossed up towards heaven, anon thrown down to the déep of hell: in which extremity Sir Hugh made this lamentation: O unhappy man, how eagerly doth mischance pursue me at my héels; for betwixt my Love on the land, and danger of life on the Sea, it hath made me the wretchedst man breathing on earth.

Here we may see that miseries have power over men, and not men over miseries. Now must I die far from my friends, and be drenched in the déepe, where my body must féed the fishes that swim in the rich bottom of the Sea. Therefore faire Winifred, the chiefe ground of my griefs, here will I sacrifice my last teares unto thee, and poure forth my complaints.

O how happy should I count my selfe, if those fishes which shall live on my bodies food, might be meat for my Love! it griveth me much to think that my poore bléeding heart, wherein thy picture is engraven, should be rent in pieces in such greedy sort; but thrice accursed be that fish, that first feteth his nimble teeth thereon, except he swim therewith unto my Love, and so deliver it as a present token from me.

Had my troubled stars allotted me to leave my life in the pleasant val-

ley

ley of Sichnant, then no doubt but my Love with her faire hands would have closed up my dying eyes, and perhaps would have rung a peal of sorrowfull sighs for my sake.

By this time was the weather beaten Barke driven by the shore of Sicilie, where the men had safety of their lives, although with losse of the ship, and spoile of their goods: but they had no sooner shaken off their dropping wet garments on the shore, but that they were assaulted by a sort of monstrous men that had but one eye apiece, and that placed in the midst of their foreheads, with whom the tempest-beaten Souldiers had a fierce fight, in which many of them were slain, and divers of them fled away to save themselves; so that in the end Sir Hugh was left alone to Fortune in a double fray: and having at last quite overcome all his adversaries, he went his way, and was so far entered into the dark wildernesse, that he could not devise with himselfe which way he should take to get out, where he was so cruelly affrighted with the dreadfull cry of fierce Lyons, Beares, and wilde Bulls, and many thousand more of other dangerous and cruell ravenous Beasts, which with greedy mouthes ranged about for their prey, in which distresse Sir Hugh got him up into the top of a tree, and being there, brake out into this passion.

O Lord (quoth he) hast thou preserved me from the great perill and danger of the Sea, and delivered me out of the cruell hands of monstrous men, and now sufferest thou me to be devoured of wild beasts? Alas, that my foule sins should bring so many sundrie sorrows on my head.

But for all this may I thank unkinde Winifred, whose disdain hath brought my destruction. Wo worth the time that ever my eyes beheld her bewitching beauty. But hereby we may see that the path is smooth that leadeth to danger. But why blame I the blamelesse Lady? Alas, full little did she know of my desperate courses in travell. But such is the fury that haunts frantick Lovers, that never feare danger untill it fall, and light upon their own heads.

But by that time that the day began to appeare, he perceived an huge Elephant with stiffe joynts stalking towards him, and presently after came a fiery-tongue Dragon, which suddenly assaulted the peacefull Elephant in whose subtle encounter the wrathfull Dragon with his long writhing taile did so shackle the hinder fæt of the Elephant together, that like a prisoner fast fettered in irons he could not stir a foot for his life: what time the furious Dragon never left till he had thrust his slender head into the Elephants long hooked nose, out of which he never once drew it, untill by sucking the Elephants blood, he had made him so feeble and so weak, that he could stand no longer upon his feet; at which time the fainting Elephant with a greivous cry, fel down dead upon the Dragon: so with the fall of his weightie body burst the Dragon in peices, and so killed him; whereby their bloods being mingled together, it stain'd all the ground where they both lay, changing the grẽn grasse into a rich scarlet colour.

This

This strange sight betwixt these two beasts, caused good Sir Hugh to judge that Nature had planted betwixt them a deadly hatred, the fire whereof could not be quenched, but by shedding of both their hearts blood. Now when Sir Hugh saw that grim death had ended their quarrell, and perceiving no danger neare, he came down from the tree, and sought to find out some inhabited Town: but being intangled in the woods, like the Centaure in his Labyrinth, he could by no meanes get out, but wandred in unknown passages leading him to many perils.

At last another Elephant met him, who according to his kind nature never left him till he had conducted him out of all danger, and brought him out of the Wildernesse into the way again; whereby Sir Hugh at the length came in sight of a Port-town, where in foure dayes after he imbarked himselfe in a ship bound for Britaine, and at last obtained the sight of his native Countrey, where he arrived in safetie, though in very poore sort, coming on shore at a place called Harwich, where for want of money he greatly lamented. And made much moan. But meeting with a merry Journeyman Shoomaker dwelling in that town, and after some conference had together, they both agreed to travell in the Countrey, where we will leave them, and speake of Winifred, and of her great troubles and calamities.

CHAP. III.

How faire *Winifred* was imprisoned, and condemned to die for her religion: and how Sir *Hugh* became a Shoomaker, and afterwards came to suffer death with his Love: showing also how the Shoomakers tools came to be called Saint *Hughs* bones, and the trade of shoo-making; *The Gentle Craft.*

Anon after that the doctrine of Christ was made known in Britaine, and that the worship of heathen Idols was forbidden, yet many troubles did the Christians endure by the outragious bloodthirstinesse of divers

wouldish

wolvish Tyrants, that by the way of invasion set footing in this Land, as it fell out in the dayes of Diocletian, that with bloody minds persecuted such as would not yéeld to the Pagan Law: amongst which the Virgin Winifred was one, who for that she continued constant in faith, was long imprisoned. During which time, Sir Hugh wrote in a shoomakers shop, having learned that trade, through the courteous directions of a kind Journeyman, where he remained the space of one whole yéere, in which time he had gotten himselfe good apparell, and every thing comely and decent. Notwithstanding though he were now contented to forget his birth, yet could hee not forget the beauty of his Love: who although she had utterly forsaken him, yet could he not alter his affections from her, because indeed affections alter not like a pale-faced coward. The wildest Bull (quoth he) is tamed being tied to a Fig-tree; and the coyest Dame (in time) may yéeld like the stone Charchædonis, which sparkles like fire, and yet melts at the touch of soft wax. Though Roses have prickles, yet they are gathered; and though women seem froward, yet they will prove themselves kind and friendly. Neither is there any wax so hard, but by often tempering, is made apt to receive an impression. Admit she hath heretofore béen cruell, yet now may she be courteous. A true hearted Lover forgets all trespasses, and a smile cureth the wounding of a frown. Thus after the manner of fond Lovers he flattered himselfe in his own folly, and in the praise of his faire Ladie he sang this pleasant Ditty here following.

THe pride of Brittain is my hearts delight,
My Lady lives, my true love to requite:
And in her life I live that else were dead,
Like withered leaves in time of Winter shed.

She is the joy and comfort of my mind,
She is the sun that clearest sight doth blind,
The faireſt flower that in the world doth grow,
Whose whitnesse doth surpasse the driven snow.

Her gentle words more sweet than honey are,
Her eyes for crlearnesse dims the brightest star,
O, were her heart, so kind as she is faire,
No Lady might with my true love compare.

A thousand griefs for her I have sustained,
While her proud thoughts my humble suit disdained
And though she would my heart with torments kill,
Yet would I honour, serve and love her still.

Blest be the place where she doth like to live:
Blest be the light that doth her comfort give:

And blessed be all creatures farre and near,
That yeeld relief unto my Lady dear.

Never may sorrow enter where she is,
Never may she contented comfort misse;
Never may she my proffered love forsake;
But my good will in thankfull sort to take.

Thus feeding his fancy with the sweet remembrance of her beauty, being never satisfied with thinking, and speaking in her praise, at length he resolved himselfe to go into Flint-shire, where he might sollicite his suit anew again: but coming neere to the place of her residence; and hearing report of her troubles, he so highly commended her faith and constancy, that at lenth he was clapt up in prison by her, and in the end he was condemned to receive equall torment, for a triall of his own truth.

But dueing the time that they lay both in prison, the Tournaymen Shoemakers never left him, but yielded him great reliefe continually, so that he wanted nothing that was necessarie for him, in requitall of which kindnesse he called them Gentlemen of the Gentle Craft, and a few dayes before his death, he made this song in their due commendations.

OF Craft and Crafts men more and lesse,
The *Gentle Craft* I must commend:
Whose deeds declare their faithfulnesse,
And hearty love unto their friend;
The *Gentle Craft* in midst of strife,
Yeelds comfort to a carefull life.

A Prince by birth I am indeed,
The which for Love forsook this Land;
And when I was in extreme need,
I took the *Gentle Craft* in hand;
And by the *Gentle Craft* alone,
Long time I liv'd being still unknown,

Spending my dayes in sweet content,
With many a pleasant sugred Song;
Sitting in pleasures complement,
Whilst we recorded Lovers wrong:
And while the *Gentle Craft* we us'd,
True Love by us was not abus'd.

Our shoos we sowed with merry notes,
And by our mirth expeld all mone:
Like Nightingales, from whose sweet throats,
Most pleasant tunes are nightly blown;

The *Gentle Craft* is fittest then,
For poore distressed Gentlemen.

Their minds do mount in courtesie,
And they disdain a niggards feast:
Their bodies are for Chivalry,
All cowardnesse they do detest.
For Sword and Shield, for bowe and Shaft,
No man can stain the *Gentle Craft*.

Yea sundry Princes sore distrest,
Shall seek for succour by this Trade:
Whereby their griefs shall be redrest,
Of foes they shall not be afraid.
And many men of fame likewise,
Shall from the *Gentle Craft* arise.

If we want money over night,
Ere next day noon God will it send,
Thus may we keep our selves upright,
And be no churl unto our friend:
Thus do we live where pleasure springs,
In our conceit like petty Kings.

Our hearts with care we may not kill,
Mans life surpasseth worldly wealth,
Content surpasseth riches still,
And fie on knaves that live by stealth:
[illegible]s Trade therefore both great and small
[illegible]he *Gentle Craft* shall ever call.

When the Journey-men Shoomakers had heard this song, and the faire title that Sir Hugh had given their Trade, they engraved the same so deeply in their minds, that to this day it could never be [illegible] out: like a remembrance in a Marble stone, which continueth time out of mind.

But not long after came that dolefull day, wherein these two Lovers must lose their lives, who like to meeke Lambs were led to the slaughter: the bloody performance thereof was to be done hard by that fair Fountain, where the Love-despising Lady made her most abode: and because she was a Kings daughter the bloody Tyrant gave her the priviledge to chuse her own death: to the which she passed with as good a countenance, as if she had been a fair young Bride prepared for marriage.

(viz) When they were come to the place of execution, and mounted upon the Scaffold, they seemed for beauty like two bright stars, Castor and Pollux; there they imbraced each other with such chaste desires, as all those that beheld them, admired to see how stedfast and firme both these Lovers

were, ready in hearts and minds to [illegible] it selfe.

At what time the Lady turned her selfe to Sir Hugh, and spake to this effect: Now do I find thee a perfect Lover indeed, that having setled thy affections above the skies, art readie to yeeld thy life for thy Love, who in requitall thereof, will give thee thy life for ever.

The love of earthly creatures is mixed with many miseries, and interlaced with sundrie sorrows; and here griefe shall abate the pleasures of love but be wel assured that joy shall follow the same.

Thou didst wooe me for love, and now I have won thee to love, where setling both our selves upon God his love, we will love one another; and in token of that heavenly love receive of me I pray thee, a chaste and loving kisse from my dying lips.

Fair Winifred (quoth he) it is true indeed; I never loved truly untill thou taughtest me to love; for then my love was full of discontent: but now altogether pleasing, and more sweet is the thought thereof than any tongue can expresse.

The thing that I ever before called Love, was but a shadow of love, a sweetnesse tempered with gall, a dying life, and a living death, where the heart was continually tossed upon the Seas of tempestuous sorrows, and wherein the mind had no calme quietnesse: and therefore blessed be the time that I ever learned this love. With that he was interrupted by the Tyrant, who said, You are not come hither to talk, but to die; I have sworn you both shall die at this instant. Thou Tyrant (said Sir Hugh) the verie like sentence is pronounced against thy selfe; for Nature hath domed that thou shalt die likewise, and albeit the execution thereof be somthing deferred, yet at length it will come, and that shortly, for never did Tyrant carrie gray hairs to the grave.

The young Lady desired first to die, saying to Sir Hu[illegible]e dear friend, and learn magnanimity of a Maide: now shalt thou see a silly woman scorn death at his teeth, and make a small account of his cruelty, as the Tyrant doth of our lives; and therewithall stript up her silken sleeves, and commited her Alablaster arms into the executioners foule hands, having made choice to die in bleeding: at what time being pricked in every vain, the scarlet blood sprang out in plentifull sort, much like a precious fountain lately filled with Claret wine.

And while she thus bled, she said, Here do I sacrifice my blood to him that bought me, who by his blood washt away all my sinnes. O my sweet Saviour, thus were thy sides pierced for my transgressions, and in this sort sprang thy precious blood from thee, and all for the love thou beares to mankind: I feele my heart to faint, but my soule receiveth strength, I come sweet Christ. I come. And therewithall her body fainting, and the blood failing, like a Condrit suddenly drawn drie, the young Princesse fell down dead, at what time a pale colour over-spread her faire face in such comely sort, as if a heap of Roses had been shadowed with a sheet of pure Lawn.

But

But it is to be remembred, that all the while the young Princesse bled, her blood was received into certain basons, which being in that sort saved together, the Tyrant caused it to be tempered with poyson, and prepared it to be the last drink that Sir Hugh should have, saying; That by her love whom he so dearely loved he should receive his death. And thereupon incontinently, without any further delaying of time, he caused a cup of that most deadly poysoned blood to be delivered into his hands, who with a lovely and cheerfull countenance received the same, and then uttered his mind in this manner.

O thou cruell Tyrant (quoth he) what a poore spite is this to inflict upon a dying man, that is as careleſſe how he dies, as when he dies; Easie it is for thee to glut me with blood, although with blood thou art not satisfied. Sweet blood (quoth he) precious and pure, how faire a colour dost thou cast before mine eyes? Sweet I say wast thou, before such time as this ill-savouring poyson did infect thee: and yet as thou art, I nothing despise thee. O my dear Winifred, full little did I think that ever I should come to drink of thy heart blood.

My greedy eye, that glutton-like did feed upon thy beauty, and yet like the Sea was never satisfied, is now with thy gore blood fully gorged. Now may I quench my thirsty desire with love, that like hot burning coals set my heart in such an extreme heat, that it could not be quenched before this time; for if fair Winifred, could spare any love from heaven, assuredly she left it in her blood; her sweet heart blood I mean, that nourished her chast life: see here is a candle to coal my vain affections. Far be it that my true Lovers should ever tast the like.

But this punishment have the just heavens poured upon me, for the preferring the love of an earthly creature, before the love of an heavenly Creator; Pardon, O Lord, the foule sins of superstitious Lovers, that while they make Idols of their Ladies, they forget the honour of thy divine Majesty. Yet doth it do my heart much good to think that I must bury sweet Winifreds blood in my body, whose love was lodged long ago in my heart: and therewithall drinking the first draught, he said, O Lord, me seemeth this portion hath a comfortable taste, far doth it surpasse that Nectar wherewith the gods were nourished.

Well (said the Tyrant) seeing it pleaseth thee so well, thou shalt have more; and therewith another cup of the same blood was given him to drink.

Yes come (quoth he) my thirst is not quenched; for the first draught gave me but a taste of sweetnesse, and like a longing woman, I desire the rest; and with that he drank the second draught. The third being delivered him, he took the cup into his hand, and looking about, he said: Lo here, I drink to all the kind Yeomen of the Gentle Craft.

I drink to you all (quoth he) but I cannot spare you one drop to pledge me. Had I any good thing to give, you should soon receive it: but my selfe

the

the Tyrant doth take, and my flesh is bequeathed to the fowls, so that nothing is left but onely my bones to pleasure you withall; and those, if they will do you any good, take them: and so I humbly take my leave, bidding you all farewell. There with the last draught he finished his life, whose head carbatse after hanged up where the fowls devoured his flesh; and the young Princesse was contemptuously buried by the Well where she had so long lived. Then had he the title of St. Hugh given him, and she of Saint Winifred, by which termes they are both so called to this day.

CHAP. IV.

How the Shoomakers stole away Saint *Hughs* bones, and made them working tools thereof, and the vertue that they found in the same: whereby it came, that when any man saw a Shoomaker travelling with a pack at his back, they would presently say: There goes Saint *Hughs* bones.

Upon a time it chanced, that a company of Journey-men Shoomakers passed along by the place where Saint Hughs dead body was hanging, and finding the flesh picke cleane off from the bones, they entred thus into communication among themselves.

Never was Saint Hugh so bare (quoth one) to carry never a whit of skin upon his bones; nor thou never so bare (said another) to beare never a penny in thy purse.

But now seeing you talk of Saint Hugh, it brings me to remembrance of his Legacy that he gave us at his death: What was that said the rest: Marry (quoth he) I will tell you, When the gentle Prince saw that the cruelty of the time would not suffer him to be liberall to his friends, but that his life was taken away by one, and his flesh given to others, he most kindly bequeathed his bones unto us.

Tush

Tush (quoth another) that was but to shew his mind towards the Shoomakers, because he had received of them so many favours: for alas, what can the dead mans bones pleasure the living? No, (quoth another) I can tell you there may be as great vertue found in his bones, as the braines of a Weasill, or the tongue of a Frog: Much like (answered the rest) but I pray thée shew us what vertue is in those things you speak of. Quoth he, I will tell you; The braines of a Weasill hath this power experientia docet, that if the powder thereof be mingled with the runnet, wherewith women make their Chéese, no mouse dares touch it: In like manner, the tongue of a water-frog hath such great force in it, that if it be laid upon the breast of any one sléeping it will cause them to tell whatsoever you shall demand; for by that meanes Dick Piper knew he was a Cuckold. Againe, I know that those that are trauellers, are not ignorant that whosoever puts but fir leaves of Mugwort in his shooes, shall nere be weary, though he travell thirtie or fourtie miles on foot in a forenoon. That indeed may be true, quoth one, for by the verie same hearb my last Dame kept her Ale from sowring: and it is said, that where houlech is planted, the place shall never be hurt with thunder: Pimpernel is good against Witchcraft; and because my sister Joan carried alwayes some about her, Mother Bumby could not abide her: Therefore what vertue a dead mans bones may have, we know not till we have tryed it.

Why then said the third man, let us soon at night steal Saint Hughes bones away, and albeit the Tyrant will be displeased, yet it is no theft; for you say they were given us, and therefore we may the bolder take them; and because we will turn them to profit, and avoid suspition, we will make dibers of our Tools with them, and then if any vertue do follow them, the better we shall find it.

To this motion every one gave his consent, so that the same night Saint Hughes bones were taken down, and the same being brought before a face of Shoomakers, there they gave their opinion; That it was necessary to fulfill the will of the dead, and to take those bones in as good a part, as if they were worth ten thousand pounds; whereupon one stepts out, and thus did say.

MY friends, I pray you list to me,
And mark what S. *Hughes* bones shall be.

FIrst a Drawer and a Dresser,
two Wedges, a more and a lesser:
A pretty block three inches high,
in fashion squared like a Die,
Which shall be called by proper name,
a Heel-block, the very same.

A Hand-leather and a Thumb-leather likewise,
to pull out shoo-threed we must devise;
The Needle and the Thimble,
shall not be left alone,
The Pincers and the pricking Aule,
and the rubbing stone.
The Aule steele and tackes,
the Sow-haires beside,
The Stirrop holding fast,
while we sowe the Cow-hide,
The whetstone, the stopping stick,
and the paring knife:
All this doth belong
to a Journey mans life,
Our Apron is the Shrine,
to wrap these bones in:
Thus shrowded we Saint *Hugh*
in gentle Lambs skin.

Now all you good Yeomen of the Gentle Craft, tell me now (quoth he) how like you this?

As well (replyed they) as Saint George doth of his horse, for as long as we can see him fight with the Dragon, we will never part from this Posse.

And it shall be concluded, that what Journey-man soever he be hereafter, that cannot handle his Sword & buckler, his long sword, or a Quarter-staffe, sound the Trumpet, or a play upon the Flute, and bear his part in a three mans Song, and readily reckon up his Tools in Rime: except he have born Colours in the field, being a Lieutenant, a Sergeant or Corporall, shall forfeit and pay a pottle of Wine, or be counted for a colt: to which they answered all viva voce, Content content; and then after many merry songs, they departed. And never after did they travell without these tools on their backs: which ever since were called Saint Hughes bones.

CHAP. V.

How *Crispianus* and his brother *Crispine* the two sons of the King of *Logria*, through the cruelty of the Tyrant *Maximinus*, were fain in disguised manner to seek for their lives safty, and how they were entertained by a shoomaker in *Feversham*.

When

When the Romane Maximinus ſought in cruell ſort to bereave this Land of all her noble youth, & youth of noble blood; the vertuous Quéen of Logria (which now is called Kent) dwelling in the city Durovernum, alias Canterbury, or the Court of Kentiſhmen, having [illegible] two young ſons, ſought all the meanes ſhe could poſſible [illegible] out of the Tyrants claws; and in this manner ſhe ſpeake [illegible]

My dear and beloved ſons, the joy and comfort of my age [illegible] gers of theſe times, and the ſtormes of a Tyrants reign [illegible] gathered together the moſt part of the young [illegible] ſlaves in a forraign Land, that are frée-born in their [illegible] eth for you alſo thereby to make a cleare riddance of [illegible] to the end he might plant ſtrangers in their ſtead. [illegible] ſons) take the counſell of your mother, and ſéek [illegible] ing danger which will come upon us ſuddenly as a ſtorme at ſea, and as cruelly as a Tyger in the wilderneſſe; therefore ſuiting your ſelves in honeſt habits, ſéek ſome poore ſervice to ſhield you from miſchance, [illegible] ing neceſſity hath priviledged thoſe places from Tyranny [illegible] my ſons) the gracious Heavens may one day raiſe you to better [illegible] and honour.

The young Lads ſéeing that their mother ſo earneſt to have them gone, fulfilled her commandment, and caſting off their attire, put homlie garments on, and with many bitter teares took leave of the Quéen their mother, deſiring her, before they went, to beſtow her bleſſing upon them.

O my ſons (quoth ſhe) ſtand you now upon your ceremonies? Had I leaſure to give you one knife, it were ſomething; the Lord bleſſe you, get you gon, away, away, make haſt I ſay, let not ſwift time overtip you, for the Tyrant is hard by: with that ſhe puſhed them out of a back dooze, and then ſets her ſelfe down to weep.

The two young Princes, which like pretty lambs went ſtraying they

knew not whither, [illegible] to Feversham, where be-
fore the dayes peep, [illegible] birds singing, being as plea-
sant as their notes, [illegible] their burthen, and this was their Song.

WOuld God that were Holiday,
hey dery down down dery;
That with my Love I might go play,
with woe my heart is weary:
My whole delight is in her sight,
would God I had her company,
her company,
Hey dery down, down adown.

My Love is fine, my love is fair,
hey dery down, down dery;
No maid with her may well compare,
in Kent or Canterbury;
On me my Love shall never move,
would God I had her company,
her company,
down, down adown.

laugh, to see her smile,
down, down dery,
my sorrows clean beguile,
makes my heart full merry;
e doth grow where she doth go.
God I had her company, &c.
down, down adown.

do meet her on the green,
dery down, down dery:
Methinks she looks like beauties Queen,
which makes my heart full merry;
Then I her greet with kisses sweet,
would God I had her company, &c.
Hey dery down, down adown.

My Love comes not of churlish kind,
hey dery down, down dery:

But

But bears a louing and courteous Mind,
which makes my heart full merry;
She is not coy, she is my ioy,
would God I had her company, &c.
Hey dery down, down adown.

Till Sunday comes, farewell my dear;
hey dery down, down dery;
When we do meet we'll have good chear,
and then we will be merry:
If thou love me, I will love thee,
and still delight in thy company, &c.
Hey dery down, down dery.

The young Princes perceiving such mirth to remain in so homely a cottage, judged by their pleasant notes, that their hearts were not cloyed with over many cares, and therefore wished it might be their good hap to be harboured in a place of such great content.

But standing a long time in doubt what to do, like two distressed strangers, combating twixt hope and feare; at length taking courage, Crispianus knocking at the doore: What knave knocks there (quoth the Journey man) and by and by down he takes his quarter staffe and opens the doore, being as ready to strike as speake, saying: What lack you? To whom Crispianus made this answer: Good sir, pardon our boldnesse, and measure not our truth by our rudenesse; we are two poore boyes that want service, stript from our friends by the furie of these warres, and therefore are we enforced succourlesse to crave service in any place. What, hob: you no friends or acquaintance in these parts to go to (said the Shoomakers) by whose means you might get preferment? Alas Sir, said Crispianus (necessitie is despised of every one, and misery is treden hosten of many; but seldome or never relieved: yet notwithstanding, if our hope did not yéeld us some comfort of good hap, we should grow desperate through distresse. That were great pitie (said the Shoomaker) be content, for as our Dame tels our Master, A patient man is better then a strong man. Stay a while, and I will call our Dame to the doore, and then you shall heare what she will say. With that he went in, and forth came his Dame, who beholding the said youths, said: Now alas, poore boyes, how comes it to passe that you are out of service? What, would you be Shoomakers, and learn the Gentle Craft? Yes for sooth (said they) with all our hearts. Now by my troth (quoth she) you do look with honest true faces. I will intreat my husband for you, for we would gladly have good boyes; and if you will be just and true, and serve God, no doubt you may do well enough. Come in my lads, come in. Crispianus and his brother,

with great reverence gave her thanks; and by that time they had stayed a little while, down came good-man, and his wife hard by his heels, saying: husband, these be the youths I told you of, no doubt but in time they will be good men.

Her husband looking wishtly upon them, and conceiving a good opinion of their favors at length agreed that they should dwell with him, so that they would be bound for seven years. The youths being contented, the bargain was soon ended, and so set to their business whereat they were no sooner settled, but that great search was made for them in all places; and albeit the Officers came to the house where they dwelt, by reason of their disguise they knew them not: having also taken upon them borrowed names of Crispianus and Crispine. Within a few days after, the Queen their mother was by the tyrant taken, and for that she would not confesse where her sonns were, she was laid in Prison in Colchester Castle: whereunto she went with as cheerfull a countenance as Cateratus did, when he was led captive to Rome: and coming by the place where her sonnes sat at work, with a quick eye she had soon espied them; and looke how a dying coal revives in the wind, even so at this sight she became suddenly red: but making signes that they should hold their tongues, she was led along: whom seven yers after her sons did never see. But as men stand amazed at the sight of Apparitions in the ayre, as ignorant what successe shall follow; even so were these two Princes agast to see their own mother thus led away, not knowing what danger should ensue thereof.

Notwithstanding, they thought good to keep their service as their lives surest refuge: at what time they both bent their whole minds to please their Master and Dame, refusing nothing that was put to them to do, were it to wash dishes, scoure kettles, or any other thing, whereby they thought their Dames favour might be gotten, which made her the readier to give them a good report to their Master, and to do them many other services, which otherwise they should have missed, following therin the admonition of an old Journey-man, who, would alwayes say to the Apprentices;

Howsoever things do frame,
Please well thy Master, but chiefly thy Dame.

Now by that time, these two young Princes had truly served their Master the space of foure or five yeers, he was grown something wealthy, and they very cunning in their trade; whereby the house had the name to need the best workmen in the Countrey; which report in the end preferr'd their Master to be the Emperours Shoomaker: and by this means, his servants went to Maximinus Court every day: but Crispianus and Crispine fearing they should have ben known, kept themselves from thence, as much as they could. Notwithstanding, at the last perswading themselves that Time had worne them out of knowledge, they were willing in the end to go thither, as well to hear tidings of the Queen their mother, as also for to seek their own preferment.

CHAP.

CHAP. VI.

How the Emperours faire daughter *Vrſula*, fell in love with young *Criſpine*, coming with ſhooes to the Court; and how in the end they were ſecretly married by a blind Frier.

NOw among all the ſhoomakers men that came to the Court with ſhooes, young Criſpine was had in greateſt regard with the fair Princeſſe, whoſe mother being lately dead, ſhe was the only joy of her father, who alwayes ſought means to match her with ſome worthy Romane, whoſe renown might ring throughout the whole world.

But fair Vrſula, whoſe bright eyes had entangled her heart with deſire of the Shoomakers favour, deſpiſed all proffers of love, in regard of him. And yet notwithſtanding ſhe would oft check her own opinion, in placing her love upon a perſon of ſuch low degree, thus reaſoning with her ſelf.

Moſt aptly is the god of Love by cunning Painters drawn blind, that ſo equally ſhoots forth his fiery ſhafts: for had he eyes to ſee, it were impoſſible to deal in ſuch ſort, as in matching fair Venus with foule Vulcan; yoking the Emperiall hearts of Kings to the love of beggers, as he did to Coſetua, and as now in my ſelf I find how mad a thing it would ſeem to the eyes of the world, that an Emperors daughter ſhould delight in the favour of a ſimple Shoomaker.

O Vrſula take heed what thou doſt, ſtain not thy royalty with ſuch indignity. O that Criſpines birth were agreeable to his perſon! for in mine eye, there is no Prince in the world comparable to him: if then while he is clothed with theſe rags of ſervitude, he appear ſo excellent, what would he be, were he in Princely attire! O Criſpine, either thou art not as thou ſeemeſt, or elſe Nature, in diſgrace of Kings, hath made thee a ſhoomaker.

In

In these humours would the Princesse be often, especially at Crispines approach, or at his departure: For, as soon as ever he came within her sight with shooes, a sudden blush like a flame of lightning would strike in her face, and at his departure an earthly pale colour, like to the beams of the bright Sunne obscured by coale-black clouds. But after many weary conflicts with fancy, she fully resolved, at his next coming, to enter into communication with him, but imagining his stay from Court over long, on the sudden she sent presently for him, finding great fault in the last shooes he brought her. At what time Crispine most humbly on his knee greatly craved pardon for all such faults as she then had found, promising amendment in the next shooes she should have.

Nay (quoth she) Ile shew thee, they are too low something in the instep; also the heel is bad, and besides that, they are too strait in the toes. You shall have a pair made (said he) shall fit you better, for none shall set a stitch in them but mine own self. Do, said the Princesse, but let me have them so soon as thou canst, and therewith Crispine departed.

The Princesse then all solitary, got her self into her Chamber, entred there into consideration, and found within her self great trouble and sorrow, while the tongue, the hearts advocate, was not suffered to speak. At last she heard Crispines voice, enquiring of the Ladies in the great Chamber for the Princesse, who answered, That having taken little rest the night before, she was now laid down to sléep, and therefore they willed him to come again some other time. Asléep, replyed the Princesse! I am not asléep, bid him stay: what hasty huswife was that which sent him hence? Call him againe quickly I would advise you. And therefore changing melancholly into mirth, she arose up from out of her bed, and as a bright starre shooting in the Element, she swiftly got her forth to mét the shoomaker, whose faire sight was to her as great a comfort as a Sunshine before a showre of raine. Saw now (quoth she) hast thou brought me a pair of shooes? I have (gracious Madam, quoth he) Then (quoth the Princesse) come thy selfe and draw them on: therewith she sitting down, lifted up her well proportioned legge upon his gentle knee. Where, by that time her shooes were drawn on, she had prepared a good reward for her shoomaker, and given him an handfull of gold, she said: Thou hast so well pleased me in making of these shooes, that I cannot but reward thée in some good sort; therefore Shoomaker, take this, and from henceforth let no man make my shooes but thy self. But tell me Crispine, art thou not in love, that thou dost smug up thy selfe so finely, thou wast not wont to go so neatly: I pray thée tell me what pretty wench is it that is mistresse of thy heart? Truly, faire Madam (quoth he) If I should not love, I might be accounted barbarous, for by natures course, there is a mutuall love in all things: the Dove and the Peacock love intirely, so doth the Turtle and the Popinjay: the like affection the fish Musculus beareth unto the huge Whale, insomuch that he leadeth him from all danger of stony

rocks;

rocks; and as among birds and fishes, so amongst plants and trées the like concord is to be found; for if the male of palme trées be planted from the female, neither of both prosper: and being set one néer another, they do flourish accordingly, imbracing with joy the branches one of another. And for mine one part, I am in love too: for first of all, I love my Maker; and next, my good Master and Dame: But as concerning the love of pretty wenches, verily Madam, I am cleare: and the rather do I abstain from fixing my fancie on women, séeing many sorrowes do follow the married sort, for a dramme of light hath a pound of pain.

That is (answered the Princesse) where contention setteth the house on fire, but where true love remaines, there is no discontent: and what can a man more desire for this worlds comfort, but a vertuous wife, which is reported to be a treasure inestimable. Therefore Crispine, say thy mind, if I prefer thée to a wife, every way deserving thy love, wouldst thou take it well?

Truly Madam, (said Crispine) if I should not accept of your good will, I should shew my selfe more unmannerly than well nurtured: But séeing it pleaseth you to grace me with your Princely countenance, and to give me libertie to speak my mind, this is my opinion: If I were to chuse a wife, then would I have one faire, rich, and wise; first, to delight mine eye: secondly, to supply my want, and thirdly to govern my house.

Then (said the Princesse) her beauty I will referre unto the judgement of thine own eyes, and her wisedome unto the triall of Time: but as concerning her portion, I dare make some report, because it well deserveth to be praised: For at her marriage thou shalt have a bagge full of rare vertues with her. Truly Madam (quoth Crispine) such coynes go out currant among Tannars: and I know, if I should go with it to the Market, it would buy me no soale leather. Notwithstanding when I doe sée her, I will tell you more of my mind.

The Princesse taking him aside privately, walking with him in a faire Gallerie, said; in looking upon me, thou mayest judge of her, for she is as like me as may be. When Crispine heard her say so, he right prudently answered: I had rather, Madam, she were your own selfe, than like your selfe, and although my words savour of presumption, yet with your favour I dare boldly pronounce it, that I hold my selfe worthy of a Queen, if I could get her good will. And were it no danger to match with your Excellency so it should please you, it should not dislike me.

Then said the Princesse: Now shoomaker, I sée thou hast some courage in thée: and doubt thou not, but if I were of that mind, but I would be as ready to guide thée from the dangerous rocks of my Fathers wrath, as the fish called Musculus is for the Whale: But, couldst thou not be contented to die for a Ladies love? No Madam, (quoth he) if I could keep her love and life.

Then

Then live faire friend (answered she) enjoy my Love, for I will die rather than live without thée. Crispine hearing this, was stricken into an extasie of joy, in such sort, as he wist not whether he were asléep or dreamed: But by that time he had summoned his wits together, with the plighting of his faith, he opened his estate and high birth unto her, shewing all the extremities that he and his brother had béen put unto since the death of their royall Father, and of the imprisonment of the Quéen their Mother.

The which when faire Ursula with great wonder heard, giving him an earnest of her love with a sweet kisse: she said; My deare Love, and most gentle Prince, ever did I think, that more than a common man was shrowded in these poore habiliments, which made me the bolder to impart my mind unto thée, and now dread no more my Fathers wrath, for the fire thereof was long agoe quenched.

No, no (quoth Crispine) an Eagles thirst is never expelled, but by blood. And albeit your father have now (perhaps) qualified the heat of his fury by the length of time, yet if he should understand of this my love to thée, it would cause him to rake out of the ashes hot burning coals of displeasure again: and then might my life pay a deare price for thy love.

Therefore (my deare Ursula) I desire thée, even by the power of that love thou beares to me to keepe secret what I have shewed thée, nothing doubting but that in time I may find release of these miseries; in the mean space we will be secretly married, by which holy knot we as well in body, as in heart, be unseperately tied together.

To this Ursula consented most gladly, and thereupon told him that she would méet him in her fathers Park, at any houre he would appoint; which she might do the more easily, in respect she had a key to one of the Garden doores, which gave present passage into the Park. The day and houre being concluded upon, they parted for this time, both of them indued with such content as in all their lives they never found the like.

And at this time there was in Canterbury a blind Frier that in many yéers had never séen the Sun; to this man did Crispine go, thinking him the fittest Chaplain to chop up such a marriage, who méeting with him at Christ-Church one evening after the Antheme, broke with him after this manner.

Good spéed good father: there is a certain friend of mine that would be secretly married in the morning betimes; for which purpose he thinks you the fittest man to perform it in all the Cloyster: and therefore, if you will be diligent to do it, and secret to conceal it, you shall have foure angels for your pains.

The Frier being fired with the desire of his gold, rubbing his elbow and scratching his crown, swore by the blessed Book that hung by his knée, that he

he would be both willing and constant to kéep it secret. Tush young man, you may trust me, I have done many of these feats in my dayes; I know that youth are youth, but they would not have all the world wonder at their doings: and where shall it be, said the Frier, quoth Crispine, at Sain Gregories Chappell; and because you shall not make your boy acquainted therewith, I my selfe will call you in the morning. Good father be not forgetfull to observe the time, at two of the clock is the houre, and therefore look you be ready when I shall call you. I warrant you (replied the Frier:) and because I will not over-sléep my selfe, I will for this night lie in my clothes, so that as soon as ever you call, I will straight be readie. Then father, I will trust you (quoth Crispine) and so departed.

When he came to his master, he made not many words, but so soon as he had supt on Sunday at night, he went to his chamber, and laid him down upon his bed, making no creature in the house privy to his intent, not his own brother, his minde still running on his faire Mistresse, and the happie houre that will tie them both in one: never was their hunger-starved man that did long more for the sweet approach of wholsome food than did Crispine for two a clock. And so soon as the silent night had drawn all things to rest, Crispine got him up, and to Canterbury goes he to méet his rose-chéeked Lady in her Fathers Park, who also took hold of Times forlock, and like clear Cynthia shaped her course to séek out Sol in the Meridian. But so soon as her searching eye had spied him, she commended his vigilancie, saying, He well observed his houre: O my dear (quoth he) rich preys do make true men théeves: but finding thée here so happily, I will fetch the Frier straight: he had no sooner called at the Friers doore, but he presently heard him: and groaping the way down, he opened the doore, and along they went together: but the Frier finding his journey longer then he expected, said, That either Saint Gregories Chappel was removed, or else he was not so good a foot man as he was wont to be: that is likely enough (said Crispine:) for how much the older you are since you went this way last, so much the weaker you are to travell, but be you content, now we are at the last come to the place, and therefore, good Frier, make what spéed you may. I warrant you (quoth he) and therewithall he puts his Spectacles upon his nose. The fair Princesse perceiving that laughed, heartily, saying, Little néed hath a blind man of a paire of Spectacles. Truly Mistresse, said he, as little néed hath an old man of a young wife; but you may sée what use is. Though I be blind and cannot sée never a letter, yet I cannot say Masse without my book and my Spectacles; and then he proceéded to so'emnize their marriage, which being finished, the Frier had his gold, and home he was led: In the mean time the Princesse stayed still in the Park for her Bridegroom, where when he came on a bank of swéet primroses, he pluckt the rose of amorous delight: and after the Princesse came to her fathers Palace, and Crispine to his Masters shop.

CHAP. VII.

How *Criſpianus* was preſt to the wars, and how he fought with *Ipbicratis* the renowned Generall of the *Perſians*, who made warre upon the Frenchmen: ſhewing alſo the occaſion that a Shoomakers ſon is ſaid to be a Prince born.

IN the mean time that Criſpine was ſecretly buſied about his marriage, his brother Criſpianus the ſame night, with many others, was preſt to wars into the Countrey of Gual, now called France, which made his Maſter and Dame full of woe; who had committed to his government the whole rule of his houſe. And when Criſpine came home, they told him what chance had happned. And demanded where he had bẽn; they ſaid, they were glad he had ſo well eſcaped.

Criſpine excuſing himſelfe ſo well as he could, ſaid, he was ſorrie for his brothers ſudden departure: notwithſtanding, the joy of his late marriage mitigated much of his ſorrow: to whom in his brothers abſence, his Maſter gave the overſight of his houſhold, which place he guided with ſuch diſcretion, as thereby he got both the good will of his Maſter, and the love of the houſhould; And as he ſate one day at his worke, he ſung this ſong in communication of marriage; himſelfe ſung the Ditty, and his fellows bore the burthen.

AMong the joyes on earth, though little joy there be,
hey down down adown, fine is the ſilken twiſt,
Among the married ſort much comfort I do ſee:
hey down down adown, beleeve it they that liſt.

He

He that is a married man hath beautie to embrace,
hey down down adown, and therefore mickle wo:
He liveth in delight, and is in happie case,
hey down down adown, in faith we think not so.
His wife doth dresse his meat, with every thing most meet,
hey down down adown, fair women love good chear:
And when he comes to bed, she gives him kisses sweet,
hey down down adown, for thanks he pays full dear.
A hundred honey sweets, he hath when that is done,
hey down down adown, the truth is seldome known.
He hath in a little time a daughter or a son,
hey down down adown, God grant they be his own.
A wife is evermore, both faithfull true and just,
hey down down adown, 'tis more than you do know:
Her husband may be sure in her to put his trust,
hey down down adown, most are deceived so.
While he doth ride abroad, she looks unto his house,
hey down down adown, the finest cloth is torn:
And when he comes, she gives him brawn and sowse,
hey down down adown, and oftentimes the horn.

How now, what is that you say (quoth Crispine)? Nothing (quoth they) but onely beare the burthen of your Song. And surely we think it great pity that you are not married, seeing you can sing so well in the praise of marriage. Truly (quoth he) were it not for that holy Institution, what would the world be but a brood of hapelesse bastards; like to the cursed seed of Cain, men fit for all manner of villany, and such as would leave behind them a race of runnagates, persons that would live as badly as they are lewdly begotten.

The rest of the Journey-men hearing him enter into such a deep discourse of the matter, began therefore to demand many questions: but seeing it appertaines not to our matter, wee'le leave them to their disputation: and in the mean space I will shew you something of Crispianus, who is now in France, with many other noble Brittains, whom Maximinus sent thither to aid the Gauls against the mightie force of Iphicratis the Persian Generall, who had at this time invaded their Countrey with a great power. The day of battel being appointed, the Armies met in the field, at what time both the Generals like two Lyons filled with wrath in their proud march viewed one another, breathing forth on both sides words of disdain, and thus the Generall of the Gauls began.

Thou insulting Commander of the Easterne troups, how durst thou set

thy ambitious foot within our territories? Cannot the confines of Persia content thée, nor those conquered Kingdomes already in thy hand, but that with unsatiable desire thou must come to usurp our right? Know thou, that the undaunted Gauls do scorn thée: for albeit that Alexander like, thou séekest to subdue the whole world, flattering thy selfe in thy fortunes, yet never think that the son of a Shoomaker shall bend our neck to a servile yoke. Therefore in our just right we are come to give thee hire for thy pride, and by the force of our swords to beat down the Scepter of thy proud thoughts.

The renowned Iphicratis upon these words made this replie: Now may I report that the Gauls can do something, finding them such good scolds: But know this that I come not to raile, but to revenge these contemptuous speeches, and with the points of sturdie Launces, to thrust them down your throats again. Indéed, my fathers trade is a reproach unto me, but thou art a reproach to thy father: but thou shalt understand that a Shoomakers son is a Prince born, his fortune made him so, and thou shalt finde no lesse, And hereupon the trumpets sounding to a charge, and the drums striking a alarum, there followed a sore and cruell fight: wherein Crilpianus like a second Hector laid about him, hewing down his foes on every side. Whose valiancy and Princely courage was noted of all the Gauls. And this fierce fight ended with the nights approach, each Army tooke their rest. At what time the noble Generall of the Gauls sent for Crispianus, and receiving him with sundrie kind imbracements in his tent, he demanded of what birth he was. To whom Crispianus shaped his answer: Most worthie Generall, my birth is not meane, and by secrets lesse, but by trade I am a Shoomaker in England.

A Shoomaker (said the Generall!) If such fame wait upon Shoomakers, and such magnanimity follow them, well were it for us if all the people in the Kingdoms were Shoomakers. And as great thanks I am to give Maximinus for sending me such a Souldier, as he may be proud to have such a subject: and now right sorrie am I, that ever I reproached famous Iphicratis, with his fathers trade, séeing I find it true, that Magnanimity and knightly Prowesse is not alwayes tied within the compasse of Noble blood. And for my own part, I will so honourably requite thy deservings, that thou shalt blesse the time thou ever camest into these wars.

The next morning the Generals joyned battell a gain, resolving in this fight either by death or victory, to make an end of these troubles, where the Souldiers on each side strove for the golden wreath of renown. The two Generals méeting in the battell, fought couragiously together; in which bloody conflict the Prince of the Gauls was thrice by Iphicratis, unhorsed, and as many times of Crispianus mounted again: but in the end the great Commander of the Eastern Armie so mightily prevaled, that he had seized on the person of the French Prince, and was carrying captive to his Colours.

But

But so highly was Crispianus favoured of Fortune, that he and his fellows met him in the pride of his conquest: who then all besmeared in the Persian blood, set upon Iphicratis, and so manly behaved himselfe, that he recovered the Prince again, and in despight of the Persians, brought him to his royall Tent; in which encounter the noble Iphicratis was sore wounded, by reason whereof the Souldiers had rest for three or foure dayes: in which space Iphicratis sent to the Prince of Gauls, to know what kin he was that in such a valiant sort rescued him out of his hands; saying, that if he would serve him, he would make him Ruler over a mightie Kingdome.

The French Prince sent him word, that it was a right hardie Brittaine, which had performed that honourable service: but no knight, though well deserving greater dignity, but a Shoomaker in England: and thus (quoth he) a Shoomakers son was by a Shoomaker foiled.

When Iphicratis understood this he sent word again to the Gauls that for the favour of that worthy man, he would not only cease the wars, but for ever after be a friend to the Gauls: which joyfull message when the French King understood, most willingly he imbraced the unlooked for tydings of happie peace: and thereupon made Crispianus a knight.

After the which there was a great feast ordained, whereunto the renowned Iphicratis was invited, and the two Generals with Crispianus friendly met together. Thus the sowre war was ended with sweet feasting: and Iphicratis soon after departed out of the Country with his Army, and never after annoyed them.

Then the French King, writing his Letter of thanks unto the Emperour Maximinus, did therein certifie him of the Princely acts of Crispianus, whereby he was brought into the Emperours favour; and with these letters Crispianus returned into England.

CHAP. VIII.

How the Lady *Ursula* finding her selfe to be with child, made her great moan unto her husband *Crispine*, and how he provided for her a secret place, where she was delivered.

IN the mean space the Lady Ursula finding her selfe to be with child, and her unknown husband coming one day with shooes unto her, she made her moan unto him, saying: O Crispine, how shall we do? the time of my sorrow and shame draweth on; I feel that living in my womb, which I fear will bring death upon us all: Why my dear Lady (answered he) art thou with child? keep thy chamber close, and wittily excuse thy griefs, untill I have found means to procure our safety.

But dost thou mean faithfully (said she) wilt thou not deceive me, and for fear of my fathers wrath flie the country? if thou shouldest do so, then were I the wretchedst Lady alive. Forsake me not sweet Crispine, whatsoever thou doest, but take me with thee wheresoever thou goest: it is not my fathers frowns that I regard, so I may have thy favour: what do I care for a Princely Pallace; an homely Cottage shall content me in thy company.

O my Love, I will rather learn to spin hemp for thy shop-thread, than live without thee in the greatest pleasure.

I will not leave thee my dear Love (quoth he) by that faith I vow, which I plighted to thee at our blessed marriage; and therefore be contented, and it shall not be long before I return. Leaving thus his sad Lady, he came home, and secretly brake the matter unto his Dame, desiring her counsell in this his extremity.

What, how now (quoth she) hast thou got a Maid with child? Ah thou whorson villain, thou hast undone thy selfe, how wilt thou do now? Thou hast made a faire hand; here is now sixteen pence a week besides sope and candles, beds, shirts, biggins, wastcoats, headbands, swadlebands, crosse-clothes, bibs, tailclouts, mantles, hose, shooes, coats, pettcoats, cradle and crickets, and beside that a standing-stole, and a posnet to make the child pap: all this is come upon thee, besides the charges of her lying in. Oh Crispine, Crispine, I am heartily sorry for thee.

But in good faith, if I knew the quean that hath brought thee to this folly;

ly; I would have her by the face, I swear to you: for though I spake it before thée (Crispine) thou art a proper fellow, and thou mightest have done full well, if thou hadst had grace; God hath done his part on thée: and with that she began with kindnesse to weep. Whereupon her Husband coming in, asked what she ailed: Oh man, (said she) Crispine! Why, Why what of Crispine? Tell me. Why speakest thou not? We shall lose a good servant, so we shall. What servant shall we lose foolish woman (quoth he?) Tell me quickly. O husband! by Cock and Pie I swear, Ile have her by the nose. Who wilt thou have by the nose? What the Devill art thou mad, that thou wilt not answer me? Crispine, who at his Masters coming shunned the roome, lending an eare unto those words, went to his Master, and said unto him: Sir, these foure yéares have I served you; and the fifth drawes néer to an end; and as I have found you a good Master to me, so I trust you have had no great cause to complain of me, though (through ignorance) I have sometimes made offence: and knowing at this instant, no man so nére a friend unto me as your selfe, I have thought good to impart my secret counsell to you: something I presume upon my Dames favour: which made me open that unto her, which now I wish I had not discovered. Notwithstanding, resting more upon your discretion than her secrecie, I would desire your counsell in a matter that concerns me very néer. Verily, said his master, if it be a thing wherein I may do thée good, thou shalt find that I will not fall from thée in thy sorrows, and therefore be not abashed to declare thy mind: for I swear, if I may procure thée right, thou shalt put up no wrong. Why then Sir, thus it is (quoth he) my will running before my wit, I have gotten a Maiden with child, and I wot not in this case what to do, that I might preserve the Maid from shame, and I my selfe from discredit: besides I doubt if it be known, it will cost me my life: therfore in such case good master be secret. Tush man feare not (quoth he) it is a matter of nothing: but I pray thée, now tell me what wanton wagtaile is that thou hast clapt thus under the apron? O Master (quoth he) the Kings faire Daughter Ursula is my Love, and she it is that lives in care for my sake. Passion of my heart, thou whoreson Knave, quoth his Master, thou art a dead man. I marvell how the Devill thou camest to be so bold with her? Surely thou hast drawn on her shooes on Sunday, I may say, thou hast left so good a token behind: but in truth my boy I commend thée that thou wouldest shoot at the fairest. Yea Sir, quoth Crispine, and I have hit the mark I trow, and do verily beléeve, that none will shoot so néere again. Nay swear not said his master, many may aim at faire marks, and more then one man hits them now and then: but what wouldst thou have me to do in this case? My good master (quoth Crispine) the truth is, she is my wife; and the very same night my brother was prest to the warres, I was married to her: and if you could tell me how she might be delivered of her burden without any suspition, I should not only remain beholding to you while I lived, but would also gratifie your kind-

nesse

nesse in such sort as would content you. His Dame all this while listned to their talk, and when she understood he spake of the Kings daughter, and that he had married her, she said, Now Gods blessing on thy heart Crispine, that thou art so carefull for thy wife, but it maketh me wonder she should marrie a Shoomaker; and a poore fellow too. Master and Dame (quoth Crispine) seeing I have begun, Ile shew you a further matter as strange as the other. The necessitie of these times makes many Noble personages to mask in simple habite, as Jupiter did in a shepherds weed; and the truth is, that Ladie Ursula is not ignorant that by matching with me she hath wedded a Prince: and you may say, that these five yeeres two Princes have served you obediently, under the simple borrowed names of Crispine and Crispianus.

Our Royall Father was slaine by the Emperour Maximinus, and the Queen our mother yet lies imprisoned, and your poore house, and these leather garments have been our life of defence against the blood-thirsty Tyrant. Now you see, that though there were hate towards us in the father, yet there is love yelded us by the daughter. This must be kept for a certain time from the knowledge of him, lest our lives pay a dear ransome for our loves. Well Crispine (quoth his Dame) be of good cheare, for I have a device in my head, how to get thy Love out of her fathers Pallace, that she may be brought to bed in my own house, without either hurt to thee, or dishonour to her, if thou wilt do as I wish thee. When you do perceive that she grows neere unto the time of her travell, I would wish you to work such meanes as to set some tree on fire late in the night, that standeth somewhat neere one of the Beacons upon the Sea coast, whereby it will follow that such Watchmen as watch at our Beacons, supposing the Beacons at the Sea coast to be on fire, will set theirs on fire also. Then will there be a great hurly burly, with the preparation of men at Armes on all sides, to withstand the supposed foe, that which they shall never find: then (as you know) Maximinus, with his houshold will be in most fear, because he is most hated, that whilest he is abroad, the rest of his houshold will every one of them seek for their own safegard, amongst the which, let faire Ursula be one, who by that meanes singling her selfe alone, may take up my house, and here she may be closely kept till she be delivered, taking upon her the name and habite of a simple woman. But the truth of this matter (quoth Crispine) I doubt it will soone be perceived and found out; then how shall Ladie Ursula do, for she will straight be missed. Tush that's no matter (quoth his Dame) and missed let her be, untill such time as she is in a better case to go abroad againe; so in such a tumult as then will be, they will suppose many things, that one mischance or other is befallen her: or if she be in health, that she hath wandred into the woods or some other uncouth place, where she might best provide for safety: and when she comes home again, I warrant thee Crispine, she shall be welcome. Then said his Master, I like my wives counsell well; therefore by my consent put it in practice:

Whereunto

Whereunto Crispine consented and so making the Lady privie to the purpose, at length it was put in execution, at what time there was crying out on all sides, Arme, Arme, Arme: our enemies are coming upon us. Where (quoth they?) at Rutupium said one; at Arugagus Castle said another: quoth the third, it is at Doris: I tell you (quoth the fourth) it is at Duur: And all this is but Dover (saith the fifth man:) and at Dover it is undoubtedly, therefore haste, haste away: for never was there more need: so that Maximinus was almost at his wits end, as one not knowing which way to turn, the cries of the people came so thick, one after another, the waiting gentle women left the Princesse, and sought their own safetie. Thus while some were busie in carrying out the Kings treasure, others hiding the plate, and others the goods, Ursula had an easie passage into the Shoomakers house.

The young Prince Crispine was gone with the rest of the town towards Dover, where when they came there was nothing to do; which when Maximinus saw, he was not a little glad the wars were so soon ended: But when he came to the Court and missed his daughter, there was posting up and down in every place to seek her, but all in vain, for no man could meet with her, for which he made a great lamentation, making a Proclamation throughout the whole Countrey, That whosoever could bring her to him, he should not onely have a Princely reward, but also if he were a man of Noble blood, he should be honoured with the marriage of his fair daughter. This was good news to Crispine, who was not to learn to make profit thereof. But by that time his Lady was light, Crispianus his eldest brother arrived into England with great honour, as before you have heard. And before he went to the Court, he thought it good to visit his old Master, who came also in good time to the christening of his brothers child, which when he with wonder beheld, noting what a strange accident there was, that Maximinus daughter should be his brothers wife. But after that he had in Princely manner saluted the new delivered Lady, taking the infant in his arms, he kissed it, saying; Now I will say and swear (said he) that a Shoomakers, Son is a Prince born, joyning in the opinion of Iphycratis, and henceforth Shoomakers shall never let their terme die.

Then turning to his Master and Dame (he said) how much dear Master and Dame, are we bound to your favours, that have maintained our honors with our happinesse; for by that means, I hope we shall make a joyfull conclusion of our sorrowfull begining, and I will so work that the Emperour shall confirm what is already begun; I mean, the honour due to these Princely Lovers, and together with our happy fortunes procure our mothers liberty.

Hereupon within a short time after, he made preparation to the Court, he attired himselfe in Princely manner, and with a most knightly grace he delivered to Maximinus, the King of Gauls letter, where he certified the Emperor of the honourable deeds performed by Crispianus, whereupon

he receiued him to great fauour, and said unto him, Right renowned Knight, for the great honour thou hast done me in France, I will honour thée with any thing which thou shalt command that standeth with the Maiesty and credit of an Emperor to giue. Then I beseech your Highnesse (quoth he) to grant me the life, and liberty of my deare Mother, that late Queen of Logria. Art thou her sonne said Maximinus? although thy father was my foe, yet I must néeds say, he was a couragious and warlike Prince, thy suit is granted, and once I had a daughter was worthy of thy loue, but vnconstant Fortune hath bereft me of that blisse: but had it pleased the fair Heauens to haue left her me till this day, I would haue made thée more honourable by her match: But séeing that my wishing doth nothing profit thée, take hence the richest Jewell I haue, and be thou next my selfe in authority: with that he took from his own neck a Collar of most precious Diamonds, and gaue it to Crispianus, saying, be thou as fortunate as Policrates.

CHAP. IX.

How fair *Vrsula* came before her father with *Crispine* her husband, who was ioyfully receiued by him, and in the end had his good will to confirme the marriage betwixt them, whereupon there was great ioy on both sides. And the Shoomakers in honour of this happy day, made a ioyfull Song.

WIthin a certain space after, word was brought to the Emperour, that his daughter was with a shoomaker come to the Court; whereat Maximinus was stricken into a sudden ioy, saying: An honourable Shoomaker may he be that hath brought my fair daughter again, Welcome my sweet Vrsula, and in good time welcome to thy father; and welcome also is this pappy young man, that hath so fortunately brought thée, and turning to Crispianus, he said: Noble Sir Knight, take here my daughter to wife; not so dear Father (quoth she) this man hath best deserued my

my love, that hath preserved my life, and his wife will I be. Why Ursula said her Father, wilt thou darken the sun-shine of my joy, with the clouds of foule obstinacy, and yoke thy selfe so unequally? This man is a Prince. And this mans son is another (quoth she.) That is strange said the Emperour, can that child be a Prince, whose father is but a Shoomaker?

Then answeared Vrsula, My Royall Father, a Shoomakers son is a Prince born: Most gracious Lord (quoth Crispianus) the very like sentence did I hear the renowned Iphicrates pronounce to the King of Gauls, when he upbraided him with his birth: with that Crispines Dame presented the child to the Emperour, and fair Vrsula was very deligent to uncover the childs face, and held it to her Father. Why daughter (quoth he) art thou not a shamed to honour a base born brat so much? hence with the Elfe, and therewithall pusht it from him. Whereat his daughters tears trickled down her cheeks, and so kissing the child, gave it again to the woman. What (said Maximinus) dost thou love the child so well, that thou must kisse it, and weep for it? I have cause, deare Father (quoth she) for that this childs mother lay in my mothers belly.

At these words the Emperor suspected something, and demanded of Crispine of what parentage he was. And then knowing that he was Crispianus brother, all the controversie was ended, and their secret marriage confirmed openly, with great joy and triumph: at which time the Shoomakers in the same town made Holiday; to whom Crispine and Crispianus sent most Princely gifts for to maintain their merriment. And ever after upon that day at night the Shoomakers make great cheare and feasting, in remembrance of these two Princely brethren: and because it might not be forgotten, they caused their names to placed in the Kalender for a yearly remembrance, which you shall find in the moneth of October, about three dayes before the feast of Simon and Jude.

The Shoomakers song on Crispianus night.

TWo Princely brethren once there were,
Right Sonnes unto a King,
Whose father tyrant *Maximinus*,
to cruell death did bring:
Crispianus, one was call'd,
the eldest of the two;
Crispine was the others name,
which well had learned to woo.
These brethren then were after fain,
from fathers house to flie:

Becauſe their foes to ſpoil their lives
in privy wait did lie,
Into a kind ſhoomakers houſe,
they ſuddenly ſtept in;
And there to learn the *Gentle Craft*,
did preſent begin.
And five yeers ſpace they lived ſo,
with great content of mind;
So that the Tyrant could not tell,
whereas he ſhoud them find:
Though every day to Court they came,
with ſhooes for Ladies feet;
They were not known by their attire,
they us'd themſelves ſo meet.
At length unto the [illegible] wars
was *Criſpianus* preſt:
Whereas his knightly proweſſe then
he tryed above the reſt.
But *Criſpine* found him better ſport,
would I had *Criſpine* been:
The Kings fair daughter Lov'd him well,
as it was after ſeen.
The length of this fair Ladies foot,
ſo well did *Criſpine* know,
That none but he could pleaſe her mind,
the certain truth is ſo.
Came he by night or elſe by day,
he was moſt welcome ſtill;
With kiſſes ſweet ſhe did him pay,
and thanks for his good will.
So oft theſe Lovers twain did meet,
by day and eke by night:
That at the laſt the Lady ſaid,
ſhe ſhould be ſhamed quite;
What was the matter tell me true,
that ſo her ſorrow bred?
Her Shoomaker moſt daintily
had got her maidenhead.

But he at length so wisely wrought,
as doth the Story tell:
Her fathers right good will he got,
and every thing was well.
And *Crispianus* came again
from warres victoriously:
Then Shoomakers made Holiday,
and therefore so will I.
And now for *Crispianus* sake,
this wine I drink to thee,
And he that doth this mark mistake,
an will not now pledge me:
He is not *Crispianus* friend,
not worthy well I wot,
To have a Lady to his Love,
as *Crispine* he hath got.

CHAP. X.

How Sir *Simon Eyer* being at first a Shoomaker, became in the end Major of *London*, through the counsell of his wife; and how he broke his fast every day on a Table that he said he would not sell for a thousand pounds: and how he builded *Leadon Hall*.

Our English Chronicles do make mention that sometime there was in the honourable City of London a worthy Major, known by the name of Sir Simon Eyer, whose fame liveth in the mouths of many men to this

this day, who albeit he descended from mean parentage, yet by Gods blessing, in the end he came to be a most worthy man in the common-wealth.

This man being brought young out of the North countrey, was bound prentise to a Shoomaker, bearing then the name of the Gentle Craft (as still it doth) his Master being a man of reasonable wealth, set many journey-men and prentises to work, who followed their businesse with great delight, which quite excludeth all wearinesse; for when servants do sit at their worke like Dromedaries, then their minds are never lightly upon their businesse; for it is an old proverbe.

They prove servants kind and good,
That sing at their businesse like birds in the wood.

Such fellows had this young Lad, who was not behind with many Northern Jigs, to answer their Southern Songs. This younth being the youngest prentise in the house, as occasion served, was often sent to the Conduit for water, where in short time he fell acquainted with many other prentises coming thither for the same intent.

Now their custome was so, that every Sunday morning divers of these prentises did use to go to a place néer the Conduit to break their fast with pudding-pies, and often they would take Simon along with them: but upon a time it so fell out, that when he should draw money to pay the shot with the rest, that he had none, whereupon he merrily said unto them: My faithfull friends, and Conduit companions, treasures of the water tankard, and main pillers of the pudding house, I may now compare my purse to a barren Doe, that yéelds the Kéeper no more good than an empty carkasse: or to a bad nut, which being opened hath never a kernell: therefore, if it will please you to pardon me at this time, and excuse me for my part of the shot, I do here vow unto you, that if ever I come to be Lord Major of this City, I will give a breakfast unto all the prentises in London. We do take your word [illegible] and so they departed.

It came to [illegible] Simon having at length worn out his yéers of Apprentis[illegible] love with a maiden that was [illegible] neighbour unto him, [illegible] length he was married and got him a shop, and laboured hard daily, and his young wife was never idle, but straight when she had nothing to do, she sat in the shop and [illegible] and having lived [illegible] alone a yéer: or thereabout, and having gathered something together, at length he got him some prentises, and a Journey-man or two, and he could not make his ware so fast as he could have sold it, so that he stood in great néed of Journey-man or two more.

At the last, one of his servants spying one go along the stréet with a fardell at his back, called to his Master, saying, Sir, yonder goes Saint Hughs bones, twenty pounds to a penney. Run presently (quoth he) and bring him hither. The boy running forth, called to the man, saying, Good fellow, come hither, here is one would speak with you. The fellow being

being a French-man that had not long been in England turning about, said Hea, what you sea? Will you speak wed me: Hea: what you have? tell me, what you have, Hea? And with that coming to the stall, the good man askt him if he lackt work, We parma foy, quoth the French-man. Herenpon Simon took him in, and to worke he went merrily, where he behaved himselfe so well, that his Master made good account of him, thinking he had been a Bachelor, but in the end it was found otherwise.

This man was the first that wrought upon the low cut shoe, with the square toe, and the latchet overthwart the instep, before which time in England they did weare a high shoe that reached above the ankles, right after the manner of our husbandmens shooes at this day, save onely that it was made very sharp at the toe turning up like the tail of an Island dog: or as you see a cock carry his hinder feathers.

Now it is to be remembred, that while John Denevale dwelt with Simon Eyer, it chanced that a ship of the Ile of Candy was driven upon our Coast, laden with all kind of Lawns and Cambricks, and other linnen cloth: which commodities at that time were in London very scant, and exceeding dear: and by reason of a great leak the ship had got at Sea, being unable to sail any further, he would make what profit he could of his goods here.

And being come to London, it was John Denevales chance to meet him in the streets, to whom the Merchant (in the Greek tongue) demanded where he might have lodging: for he was one that had never been in England before, and being unacquainted, wist not whither to go: but while he spake Greek, John Denevale answered him still in French, which tongue the merchant understood well: and therefore being glad that he had met with one that could talk to him, he declared unto him what tempests he endured at Sea, and also how his ship lay upon the coast with such commodities as he would sell. Truly Sir (quoth John) I am my selfe but a stranger in this Country and utterly unacquainted with Merchants, but I dwell with one in this City that is a very honest man, and it may be that he can help you to some that will deal with you for it, and if you think it good, I will move him in it, and in the mean space, Ile bring you where you may have a very good lodging; to morrow morning I will come to you again.

Sir, said the Merchant, if you please to do me that favour, Ile not onely be thankfull unto you for the same, but also in most honest sort will content you for your pains: and with that they departed.

Now as soon as John the Frenchman came home, he moved that matter unto his Master, desiring him that he would do what he could for the Merchant. When his Master had heard each circumstance, noting therewith the want of such commodites in the Land, cast in his mind as he stood cutting up his work, what were best to be done in this case, saying to his man John, I will think upon it betwixt this and the morning, and then I will tell you my mind: and therewithall casting down his cutting knife,

he went out of his shop into his Chamber, and therein walked up and down alone very sadly, ruminating hereon: he was so far in his muse, that his wife sending for him to supper two or three times, he nothing regarded the maids call, hammering this matter in his head: at last his wife came to him, saying, Husband, what mean you that you do not come to supper? why speak you not man? Hear your good husband; come away, your meat will be cold: but for all her words he stayed walking up and down still, like a man that had lent his wit a woll-gathering, which his wife seeing, pulled him by the sleeve, saying, why husband in the name of God, why come you not? will you not come to supper to night? I called you a good while ago. Body of me, wife (said he) I promise thee I did not hear thee: no faith, it seemeth so (quoth she) I marvel whereupon your mind runneth: believe me wife (quoth he) I was studying how to make my selfe Lord Maior and thee a Lady.

Now God help you (quoth she) I pray God make us able to pay every man his own, that we may live out of dept and danger, and drive the Woolf from the doore, and I desire no more. But wife, said he, I pray thee now tell me, Doest thou not think that thou could'st make shift to bear the name of a Lady, if it should be put upon thee? In truth Husband (quoth she) He not dissemble with you, if your wealth were able to beare it, my mind would beare it well enough. Well wife, replyed he, I tell thee now in sadnesse, that if I had money, there is a commodity now to be bought the gains, whereof would be able to make me a Gentleman for ever. Alas husband, that dignitie your Trade allows you already, being a Squire of the Gentle Craft, then how can you be lesse then a Gentleman, seeing your sonne is a Prince borne? Tush wife, quoth he, those titles do onely rest in name, but not in nature: but of that sort had I rather be, whose lands are answerable to their vertues, and whose rents can maintain the greatnesse of their minde. Then sweet husband, tell me, said his wife, tell me, what commodity is that which you might get so much by? I am sure your self hath some money, and it shall go very hard but ile procure friends to borrow one forty shillings, and beside that, rather then you should lose so good a bargain, I have a couple of crowns that saw no Sun since we were first married, and them also shall you have.

Alasse wife (said Simon) all this comes not neere that matter: I confesse it would do some good in buying some backs of leather, but in this thing it is nothing, for this is merchandize that is precious at this time, and rare to be had; and I hear, that whosoever will have it must lay down 3000. pounds ready money. Yea wife, and yet thereby he might get three and three thousand pounds profit.

His wife hearing him say so, was inflamed with the desire thereof, as women are (for the most part very covetous: that matter running still in her mind, she could scant finde in her heart to spare him time to go to supper, for very eagernesse to animate him on, to take that bargain upon him. Wherefore so soon as they had supt, and given God thanks, she called

led her husband, saying, I pray you come hither, I would speake a word with you: that man is not alwayes to be blamed that sometimes takes counsell of his wife though womens wits are not able to comprehend the greatest things, yet in doubtful matters they oft help on a sudden.

Well wife, what mean you by this (said her husband?) In truth quoth she, I would have you to pluck up a mans heart, and spéedily chop up a bargain for these goods you speak of. Who I? quoth he, which way should I do it, that am not able for 3. thousand pounds, to lay down thrée thousand pence? Tush man, quoth she, what of that? every man that beholds a man in the face, knows not what he hath in his purse, and whatsoever he be that owes the goods, he will no doubt be content to stay a moneth for his money, or thrée wéeks at the least: And I promise you, to pay a thousand pounds a wéek is a pretty round payment, and I may say to you, not much to be misliked of.

Now husband, I would have you in the morning with John the Frenchman to the Grecian Merchant, and with good discretion drive a sound bargain with him for the whole fraught of the ship, and thereupon give him halfe a dozen Angels in earnest, and eight and twenty dayes after the delivery of the goods, condition to deliver him the rest of his money; But woman (quoth he) dost thou imagine that he would take my word for so weighty a masse of money, and to deliver his goods upon no better security?

Good Lord, quoth she, have you no wit in such a case to make shift? Ile tell you what you shall do: Be not known that you bargain for your own selfe, but tell him that you do it in the behalf of one of the cheif Aldermen in the City; but beware in any case, that you leave with him your own name in writing; he being a Grecian cannot read English: and you have no néed at all to shew, John the Frenchman, or if you should, it were no great matter, for you can tell well enough that he can neither write nor read.

I perceive wife (quoth he) thou wouldest fain be a Lady, and worthy thou art to be one, that dost thus imploy thy wits to bring thy husband profit: but tell me, if he should be desirous to sée the Alderman to confer with him, how shall we do then? Jesus have mercy upon us (quoth she) you say women are fools, but me séemeth men have néed to be taught sometimes. Before you come away in the morning, let John the Frenchman tell him that the Alderman himselfe shall come to his lodging in the afternoon: and receiving a note of all the goods that be in the ship, he shall deliver unto him a bill of his hand for the payment of his money, according to that time. Now sweet heart (quoth she) this Alderman shall be thine own selfe, and Ile go borrow for thée all things that shall be necessary against that time. Tush (quoth her husband) canst thou imagine that he seeing me in the morning will not know me again in the afternoon? O husband (quoth she) he will not know thée, I warrant thée: for in the morning thou shalt go to him in thy doublet of sheeps skins, with a smuched

face, and thy apron before thée, thy thumb-leather and hand-leather buckled close to thy wrist, with a foule band about thy neck, and a greasie cap on thy head. Why woman (quoth he) to go in this sort will be a discredit to me, and make the Merchant doubtfull of my dealing: for men of simple attire are (God wot) slenderly esteemed.

Hold your peace good husband (quoth she) it shall not be so with you, for John the Frenchman shall give such good report to the Merchant for your honest dealing (as I praise God he can do no lesse) that the Grecian will rather conceive the better of you, than otherwise: judging you a prudent discreet man, that will not make a shew of that you are not, but go in your attire agréeable to your trade. And because none of our folks shall be privy to our intent, to morrow wéel dine at my cousin John Barbers in Saint Clements Lane, which is not far from the George in Lumbard-street, where the merchant strangers lie. Now Ile be sure that all things shall be ready at my cousin Johns that you shall put on in the afternoon. And there he shall first of all with his scissers snap off all the superfluous hairs, and fashion thy bushy beard after the Aldermans grave cut: then shall he wash thée with a sweet Camphire Ball, and be sprinkle thine head and face with the purest rose-water; then shalt thou scoure thy pitchy fingers in a bason of hot water, with an ordinary washing Ball: and all this being done, strip thée from these common weeds, and Ile put thée on a very fair doublet of tawny sattin, over the which thou shalt have a cassock of branched damask, furred round about the skirts with the finest foynes, thy breeches of black Velvet, and shooes and stockings fit for such array: a band about thy neck as white as the driven snow, and for thy wrists a pretty pair of cuffs, and on thy head a cap of the finest black, then shalt thou put on a fair gown, welted about with Velvet, and overthwart the back thwart it shall be with rich foyne, with a pair of sweet gloves on thy hands, and on thy forefinger a great seale ring of gold.

Thou being thus attired, Ile intreat my cousin John Barber, because he is a very handsome young man, neat and fine in his apparell, (as indéed all Barbers are) that he would take the pains to wait upon you unto the Merchants, as if he were your man, which he will do at the first, because one of you cannot understand the other, so that it will be sufficient with outward curtesie one to gréet another, and he to deliver unto you his notes, and you to give him your Bill, and so come home.

It doth my heart good, to sée how trimly this apparell doth become you, in good faith husband, me séems in my mind, I sée you in it already, and how like an Alderman you will look, when you are in this costly array. At your return from the Merchant, you shall put off all these clothes at my Cousins again, and come home as you did go forth. then tell John the Frenchman, that the Alderman was with the Merchant this afternoon, you may send him to him in the morning, and bid him to command that his Ship may be brought down the River: while she is coming about, you may

give notice to the Linnen Drapers, of the commodities, you have coming. Enough wife (quoth he) thou haſt ſaid enough; and by the grace of God Ile follow thy counſell, and I doubt not but to have good fortune.

CHAP. XI.

How *Simon Eyer* was ſent for to my Lord Majors to ſupper, and ſhewing the great entertainment he and his wife had there.

Anon after, ſupper time drew neer, ſhe making her ſelfe ready in the beſt manner ſhe could devile, paſſed along with her husband unto my Lord Majors houſe: and being entred into the great Hall, one of the Officers there certified my Lord Major, that the great rich Shoomaker and his wife were already come, Whereupon the Lord Major in courteous manner came into the Hall to Simon, ſaying, You are moſt heartily welcome good Maſter Eyer, and ſo is your gentle bed-fellow. Then came forth the Lady Majoreſs and ſaluted them both in like manner, ſaying, Welcome good Maſter Eyer and Miſtreſſe Eyer both: and taking her by the hand, ſet her down among the Gentlewoman there preſent.

Sir (quoth the Lord Major) I underſtand you are a Shoomaker, and that it is you that hath brought up all the goods of the great Argozy. I am indeed my Lord of the Gentle Craft, quoth he, and I praiſe God, all the goods of the great Argozy are mine own, when my debts are paid.

God give you much joy of them, ſaid the Lord Major, and I truſt you and I ſhall deal for ſome part thereof. So the meat being then ready to be brought in, the gueſts were placed each one according to their calling. My Lord Major holding Simon by the hand, and the Lady Majoreſs holding his wife, they would needs have them ſit neer to themſelves, which they then whith blushing cheeks refuſing, my Lord ſaid unto them, holding his cap in his hand.

Master Eyer and Mistresse Eyer, let me intreat you not to be troublesome, for I tell you it shall be thus: and as for those Gentlemen here present, they are all of mine old acquaintance, and many times we have been together, therfore I dare be the bolder with them: albeit you are our neighbours also, yet I promise you, you are strangers to my table, and to strangers common courtesie doth teach us to shew the greatest favour, and therefore let me rule you in mine house, and you shall rule me in yours.

When Simon found there was no remedy, they sat them down, but the poore woman was so abashed, that she did eat but little meat at the Table, bearing her selfe at the table with a comely and modest countenance: but what she wanted in outward feeding, her heart yelded to, with inward delight and content.

Now so it was, many men that knew not Simon, and seeing him in so simple attire sit next my Lord, whisperingly asked one another what he was. And it was enough for *Simons* wife, with her eyes and ears, to see and hearken after every thing that was said or done.

A grave wealthy Cittizen sitting at the Table, soake to Simon, and said, Sir, in good will I drink to your good health, but I beseech you pardon me, for I know not how to call your name: With that my Lord Major answeared him, saying, his name is Master Eyer, and this is the Gentleman that bought all the goods that came in the black Swan of Candy, and before God, though he sit here in simple sort, for his wealth I do verily beleeve he is more sufficient to bear this place than my selfe. This was a man that was never thought upon, living obscure amongst us, of none account in the eyes of the world, carrying the countenance but of a shoomaker, and none of the best sort neither, and is able to deal for a bargain of five thousand pounds at a clap. We do want many such Shoomakers (said the Citizen:) and so with other discourse drove out supper, at what time rising from the table, Simon and his wife receiving sundrie salutations of my Lord Major and his Lady, and of all the rest of the worshipfull guests, departed home to their own house: at what time his wife made such a recitall of the matters; how bravely they were entertained, what great chear was there, also what a great company of Gentlemen and Gentlewomen were there, and how often they drank to her husband and to her, with divers other circumstances, that I beleeve, if the night had been six moneths long, as it is under the North pole, they would have found talke enough till morning. Of a truth (quoth she) although I sate closely by my Ladies side, I could eat nothing for very joy, to heare and see that we were so much made of. And never give me credit husband, if I did not hear the Officers whisper as they stood behind me, and all demanded one of another, what you were, and what I was: O quoth one, do you see this man? mark him well, and marke his wife well, that simple woman that sits next my Ladie: what are they? What are they quoth another? Marry this is the rich Shoomaker that bought all the goods in the great Argo-

zie:

zie: I tell you there was never ſuch a Shoomaker ſéen in London ſince the City was builded,

Now by my faith (quoth the third) I have heard much of him to day among the Merchants in the ſtreet, going between the two Chains: Credit me husband, of mine honeſty this was their communication. Nay, and do you not remember when the rich Citizen drank to you (which craved pardon, becauſe he knew not your name) what my Lord Major ſaid? Sir (quoth he) his name is Maſter Eyer, did you mark that? and preſently thereupon he added theſe words: this is the Gentleman that bought, and ſo forth. the Gentleman underſtood you, did you heare him ſpeake that word?

In troth wife (quoth he) my Lord uttered many good words of me, I thank his honour, but I heard not that. No (quoth ſhe) I heard it well enough: for by and by he proceéded further, ſaying, I ſuppoſe though he ſit here in ſimple ſort, he is more ſufficient to beare this charge than my ſelfe. Yea, though I, he may thank his wife for that, if it come ſo to paſſe. Nay, ſaid Simon, I thank God for it. Yea and nere him, you may thank me, quoth he, And it did her ſo much good to talk of it, that I ſuppoſe, if ſhe had lived till this day, ſhe would yet be prating thereof, and if ſleep did not drive her from it.

And now ſeeing that Simon the Shoomaker is become a merchant, we will temper our tongues to give him that title, which his cuſtomers were wont to do, and from henceforth call him maſter Eyer, who while he had his affairs in hand, committed the Government of his ſhop to John the Frenchman, leaving him to be guide to his other ſervants, by meanes of which favour, Iohn thought himſelfe at that time to be a man of no ſmall reputation.

CHAP. XII.

How *John* the Frenchman fell in love with one of his Miſtriſſe Maids: and how he was croſſed through the craft of *Haunce* the Duchman.

At the same time there was dwelling in the house, a jolly lusty wench, whose name was Florence, whom Iohn the Frenchman loved dearly well, and for her onely sake he brought many a good bottle of wine into the house, and therewithall so soon as their master and mistresse were gone to bed, they would oftentimes make merrie amongst themselves; which Haunce a Journey-man in the same house perceiveing, sought to crosse them as much as in him lay, thereby to bring his own purpose the better to passe, which was to joyn the maidens favours to his own affection.

And because the Frenchman had greatest gains under his Master, and being thereof no niggard when he had got it, the maids did most delight in him, and little esteemed the Duchman, though his good will were as great towards her as the other: for they could not be in any corner of the house together, nor could they meet in any place abroad, but the Duchman would still watch them.

Upon a time, Florence being at Market, her Love John went forth of the shop to meet her, and Haunce stayed not long behind, who at length espied them, and heard his fellow Iohn questioning with her in this sort.

What Florence, what have you in your basket? hea, let me see what you buy. Marrie Iohn (quoth she) I have bought Beefe and Mutton, and other things Come, come, must you peep in my basket (quoth she) away for shame away. Be got Florence, me will see a little: ha, ha! Florence, you buy the pudding hea, you love de puddings? Florence hea? yea Sir (quoth she) what if I do love puddings? what care you? of my tra Florence, if I be your husband me will give you pudden shall warren. My husband (quoth she?) in faith Sir no, I mean not to marrie a Frenchman. What Florence, de Frenchman, be de good man: but Florence, me will give you a pinte of wine by my treat.

O, I cannot stay now, I thank you John. What (quoth he) Florence, no stay with your friend? I shall make you stay a little time: and so with that taking her by the hand into the Tavern then go, and Haunce the Duchman following them, and sate close in the next roome, and by that means he heard all that they said, and that they appointed the next Sunday to go to Islington together, and there to be merry: and so the maid hasting away, they departed.

Well (quoth Haunce secretly to himselfe) it shall go hard but Ile disappoint you. Sunday in the afternoon being come, John the Frenchman, according to his appointment, went before to Islington, leaving Florence to come after, with another Maid, which dwelt in the same house, whilest he prepared good cheer for their coming: and the more to make her merrie, he hired a noise of musitians to attend their pleasure.

And as it after happened, his fellow Haunce prevented this sport, who watching in the fields for Florence, at length he spied her coming: to whom he said, Well met fair Florence, your friend John hath changed his mind, for whereas he appointed you to meet him at Islington, you shall lose your labour

labour so to do, for he is not there. No? how so said Florence? The reason is this (said Haunce) so farre as I can understand by him, he thinks you are verie fickle and inconstant, and because it was his chance this morning, to see you speak to a young man that passed by, he saith verily, that you are a marvellous great dissembler: and in this humour he is gone I know not whither.

And is it even so, said Florence? Ile tell thee what Haunce, because he hath made thee privie to his mind, I will shew thee somewhat of mine. Doth he suspect me because I did but speake to one? May, if he be so jealous now, what will he be hereafter? and therefore inasmuch that it is so, let him go to the Devill, he shall very well find, that I will set as light by him, as he doth by [illegible]. Did the knave get leave of my Mistris for me to come abroad this day, and doth he now serve me thus? Well, this shall teach me wit, in faith, and so she turns back again.

Nay (quoth Haunce) seeing you are now abroad, let me intreat you to go to Hogsdon, and I will bestow a messe of cream upon you. In the end she was won, and as they walked together, Haunce spake thus unto her: I know not what cause John the Frenchman hath given you, to bear him so good will, as I perceive you do, but in my mind, he is a far unmeet match for you. And thus much I know he is of a very mistrustfull nature, a wavering mind, and deceitfull heart, he did professe great good will to you in outward shew, but I have heard him speak most shamefully of you behind your back, making his vaunts, that he had you at a beck of his finger, and how that for a pint of Wine, he could cause you to follow him up and down over all the Cittie, Florence, I am a fool to tell you thus much, it may be you will scarce believe it, and for my part, I will not urge you thereunto: but in troth, look what I tell you, it is for good will, because I have been sorrie to see you abused.

I thank you good Haunce (quoth she) I may believe it well enough: but from henceforth I know what I have to do: I confesse indeed, that I have drunk with him abroad, but it was at his own earnest intreaty, neither could I ever be quiet for the knave, he doth so follow me up and down in every place; but seeing, I know his dissimulation to be such, if I do not requite him in his kind, trust me no more: and now I am heartily sorrie that I was so foolish as to follow him this day at his appointment: but seeing he hath served me thus, he shall not know of my coming out of doors, and therefore good Haunce, do not tell him that you met me this day in the fields.

Nay in faith Florence; (quoth he) I will not onely be secret to thee, but will also from henceforth acquaint thee with all my proceedings. And having eaten their creame, Haunce brought her some part of the way homeward: and taking his leave of her, he went back to see if he could meet with John the Frenchman, who having stayed at Islington for Florence untill almost night, and she not coming, he and the Musicians together were faine to

eate

eat up the meat, without more company, which cauſed John the frenchman to ſwear like a Turk.

And as he was coming homeward over the fields chafing and fretting to himſelfe, who ſhould he meet withall but Haunce the Duchman: who ſaid to him: What John, who thought to meet you here? Here thou ſeeſt I am now, ſaid Iohn: but when came you from home? Marry but even now (quoth Haunce.) And who is at whome, ſaid Iohn? The other anſwered, there was no body but their miſtreſſe, and the maid Florence, with the reſt of the houſhold: Is Florence at whom, ſaid Iohn? The Devill take her for me, ſhe hath maid a right fool of me indéed. How ſo quoth Haunce? Then the other in a great chafe, ſaid: Be Got ſhall be revenged, Florence mock an me too muſh, too muſh ſhe make me beleeve ſhe [illegible] me, and me tink ſo too, and be Got ſhe make me a Jack fool. When Haunce heard him ſay ſo, he ſaid: Alas good Iohn, ſhe love thée? If you think ſo, you are greatly deceived: for ſhe is the ſcoffingeſt queen in London: And I have heard her behind your back, to mock and flout you, ſaying: Doth ſhitten Iohn think that I will marry him? In faith Sir no. When the Frenchman heard this, he ſtampt like a mad-man, and bit his thumb, ſaying: Mordue me ſhall be revenged be Got: ſhitten Iohn? call a ſhitten Iohn, hea? Adeput in corroyname ſhant, ſhitten Iohn, no better name but ſhitten Iohn? It is as I tell you quoth Haunce: and moreover, ſhe ſaid ſhe ſcorned to come after you to Iſlington, ſaying, ſhe would ſée you hanged firſt. Well be no matter; ſhe no love me, me no love ſhe, but me ſhall go home, me ſhall, and beat as a ſtockfiſh. Nay, do not ſo, ſaid Haunce, but let her alone: for it is no credit for you to beat a woman: and beſides that, if you ſhould, our Maſter would turn you out of doores; therefore be quiet a while, and be ſecret in that I have told you, then ſhall you ſée how ſhe uſeth you.

In this humour they departed: at what time, Iohn full of melancholy, ſtood frowning by the fire ſide: and as the Maid went up and down the houſe about her buſineſſe, he caſt looks on her, as fierce as a Panther; but ſhe, by reaſon of the Duchmans tale to her, ſhews her ſelfe as ſcornfull as he was curriſh, and not once caſt her eye towards him, and thus they drove out the time of a ſenight or a fortnight.

CHAP. XIII.

How Maſter *Eyr* was called upon to be Sheriffe of *London*, and how he held his place with worſhip.

IN this space master Eyer following his business, had sold so much of his Merchandize as paid the Grecian his whole money: and yet had resting to himselfe three times as much as he had sold, whereof he trusted some to one Alderman, and some to another, and a great deal amongst substantiall Merchants; and for some had much ready money, which he imployed in divers merchandizes: and became Adventurer at Sea, having (by Gods blessing) many a prosperous voiage, whereby his riches daily increased.

It chanced upon a time, that being in his study, casting up his accounts, he found himselfe to be clearely worth twelve or thirteen thousand pounds, which he finding to be so, he called his wife to him, and said:

The last day I did cast up my accounts, and I finde that Almighty God of his goodnesse hath lent me thirteen thousand pounds to maintain us in our old age, for which his gracious goodnesse towards us, let us with our whole hearts give his glorious Majesty eternall praise, and therewithall pray unto him, that we may so dispose thereof, as may be to his honour, and the comfort of his poore members on earth, and above our neighbours may not be puffed up with pride, that while we think on our wealth, we forget God that sent it us, for it hath been an old saying of a wise man, that abundance groweth from riches, and disdain out of abundance: of which God give us grace to take heed, and grant us a contented mind.

So soon as he had spoken this, they heard one knocking hastily at doore, whereupon he sent Florence to see who it was, the Maiden coming again, told her Master it was one of my Lord Majors Officers that would speake with him. The Officer being permitted to come in, after due reverence, he said, Sir, it hath pleased my Lord Major, with the worshipfull Aldermen his brethren, with the counsell of the whole communaltie of the honourable City, to chuse your worship Sheriffe of London this day, and have sent me to desire you to come and certifie your minde therein, whether you be contented to hold the place or no.

Master Eyer hearing this, answered he would come to his Honor and their worships incontinent, and resolve them what he was minded to do; and so the Officer departed.

His wife, which all this while listned to their talk, hearing how the case stood, with a joyfull countenance meeting her husband, taking him about the neck with a loving kisse, said, Master Sheriffe, God give thee joy of thy name and place. O wife (quoth he) my person is far unworthy of that place, and the name far exceeds my degree.

What, content your selfe good husband (quoth she) and disable not your selfe in such sort, but be thankfull unto God for that you have, and do not spurn at such promotion as God sendeth unto you: the Lord be praised for it, you have enough to discharge the place whereunto you are called with credit: and wherefore sendeth God goods, but therewithall to do him and your Countrey service? Woman (quoth he) Soft fire makes sweet mault: For such as take things in hand rashly, repent as suddenly: to be Sheriffe of London is no little cost. Consider first (quoth he) what house I ought to have, and what costly ornaments belong thereunto, as hanging of Tapistry cloth of Arras, and other such like, what store of Plate and Goblets of Gold, what costly attire, and what a chargeable train, and that which is most of all, how greatly I stand charged beside to our Soveraigne Lord the King, for the answering of such prisoners as shall be committed to my custody, with an hundred matters of such importance, which are to such an Office belonging.

Good Lord husband (quoth she) what need all these repetitions? You need not tell me it is a matter of great charge: notwithstanding I verily think many heretofore have with great credit discharged the place, whose wealth hath not in any sort been answerable to your riches, and whose wits have been as mean as your own: truly Sir shall I be plain? I know not any thing that is to be spoken of, that you want to performe it, but only your good will: and to lack good will to do your King and Countrey good, were a signe of an unworthy Subject, which I hope you will never be.

Well wife (said her husband) thou dost hold me here with prittle prattle, while the time passeth on, 'tis high time I were gone to Guild-Hall, I doubt I shall appear too unmannerly in causing my Lord Major, and the rest to stay my leisure. And he having made himselfe ready, met to go before such an assembly as he went unto, he went out of doores, at what time his wife called after him, saying: and holding up her finger.

Husband, remember, you know what I have said: take heed you dissemble not with God and the world, look to it Husband: Go to, go to, get you in, quoth he, about your business, and so away he went

So soon as he was gone out of sight, his wife sent one of his men after him to Guild-Hall, to hearken and hear, whether her husband held his place, or no: and if he do, bring me word with all possible speed.

I will, Mistresse, quoth her man.

Now

Now when Master Eyer came to Guild-Hall, the Lord Major and his brethren bade him heartily welcome, saying: Sir, the communaltie of the City having a good opinion of you, have chosen you for one of our Sheriffes, for this yeer, not doubting but to find you a fit man for the place.

My good Lord quoth he, I humbly thank the City for their courtesie and kindnesse, and would to God my wealth were answereable to my good will, and my ability were able to bear it. But I find my selfe insufficient; I most humbly desire a yeers respite more, and pardon for this present.

At these words, a grave Commoner of the City standing up, with due reverence spake thus unto the Major: my good Lord, this is but a slender excuse for master Eyer to make; for I have often heard him say, and so have divers others also, that he hath a Table in his house whereon he breaks his fast every day, that he will not give for a thousand pounds: Wherefore (under your Lordships correction) in my simple judgement, I think he that is able to spare a thousand pounds in such a dead commodity, is very sufficient to be Sheriff of London. See you now, quoth my Lord, I muse Master Eyer, that you will have so lame an excuse before us, as to take exceptions, at your own wealth, which is apparantly proved sufficient; you must know Master Eyer, that the Commons of London have searching eyes, and seldome are they deceived in their opinion, and therefore looke what is done, you must stand to it.

I beseech you my Lord (quoth Master Eyer) give me leave to speak one word. Let it be granted, that I will not give my Table whereon I breake my fast for a thousand pounds, that is no consequence to prove it is worth so much, my fancy to the thing is all: for doubtlesse no man here would give me a thousand shillings for it when they see it. All is one for that quoth my Lord Major, yet dare I give you as much wine as you will spend this yeer in your Shrivalrie to let me have it: my good Lord, quoth he, on that condition I will hold my place, and rest no longer troublesome to this company. You must hold, said my Lord, without any condition or exceptions at all in this matter; and so they ended.

The Assembly being then broken up, the voice went Master Eyer is Sheriffe, Master Eyer is Sheriffe. Whereupon the fellow that Mistresse Eyer sent to observe how things framed, ran home in all haste, and with leaping and rejoycing said: Mistresse, God give you joy, for you are now a Gentlewoman. What, quoth she, tell me sir sawce, is thy Master Sheriffe, or no? and doth he hold his place? Yes Mistresse, he holds it now as fast as the Mercer doth the shoes while we sow it; Why then (quoth she) I have my hearts desire, and that I so long looked for, and so away she went.

Within a while after came her husband, and with him one of the Aldermen, and a couple of wealthy Commoners, one of them was he that gave

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Within a while after came her husband, and with him one of the Aldermen, and a couple of wealthy Commoners, one of them was he that gave

such great commendations of his Table, and comming to his doore, he said, You are welcome home good Master Sheriffe. Nay, I pray you, come in and drink with me before you go.

Then said he, Wife bring me forth the pasty of Venison, and set me here my little Table, that these Gentlemen may eat a bit with me before they go. His wife which had been oft used to this terme, excused the matter, saying; The little Table! good Lord husband, I do wonder what you will do with the little Table now, knowing that it is used already: I pray you good Husband, content your selfe, and sit at this great Table this once. Then she whispered him in the eare, saying; What man, shall we shame our selves? What shame? (quoth he) tell not me of shame, but do thou as thou art bidden; for we are three or foure of us, then what do we troubling the great table? Truly (answered she) the little table is not ready now good husband let it alone.

Trust me we are troublesome guests (said the Aldermen) but yet we would fain see your little Table, because it is said to be of such prize. Yea, and it is my mind you shall, quoth Master Eyer, therefore he called his wife again, saying, good wife, dispatch and prepare the little Table: for these Gentlemen would fain have a view of it.

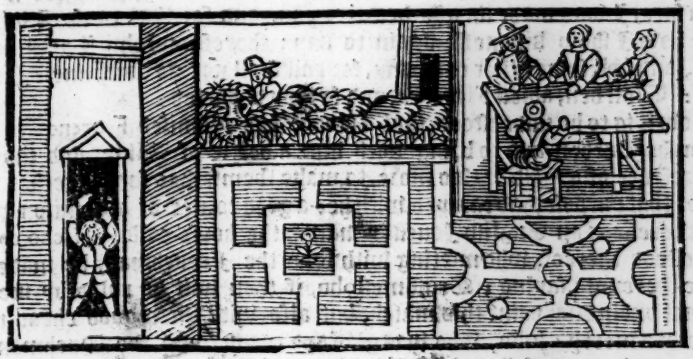
Whereupon his wife seeing him so earnest, according to her wonted manner, came in: and setting her selfe down on a low stool, laid a fair Napkin over her knees, and set the platter with the pasty of Venison thereupon, and presently a chear was brought for Master Alderman, and a couple of stools for the two commoners, which they beholding, with a sudden and hearty laughter, said; Why Master Sheriffe, is this the table you held so deare? Yes truly, quoth he; Now verily, quoth they, you herein have utterly deceived our expectation. Even so did you mine, quoth he, in making me Sheriffe: but you are all right welcome, and I will tell you true, had I not thought wondrous well of you, you had not seen my table now. And I think, did my Lord Major see it as you do, he would repent his bargain so hastily made. Notwithstanding I account of my table never the worse. Nor have you any cause (quoth they) and so after much pleasant talk, they departed, spreading the fame of master Sheriffes little Table over the whole City.

But you must now imagine, that a thousand cares combred the Sheriffe, in providing all things necessary for his office: at what time he put off his Shoomakers shop to one of his men, and set up at the same time the signe of the black Swan swiming upon the sea, in remembrance of that ship, that first did bring him his wealth, and before that time the sign of the black swan was never seen or known in any place in or about the City of London.

CHAP.

CHAP. XIIII.

How *Haunce* having circumvented *Iohn* the Frenchmans Love, was by him and others finely deceived at the Garden.



NOw at that time Iohn the frenchman, and fair Florence were both at variance, as you heard before, by the Duchmans dealing, by which ſubtilty he ſought means to win favour for himſelfe, which Iohn the Frenchman perceived, and therefore went about, not only to prevent him, but to take revenge on him for his deceitfulneſſe. And meeting Florence as ſhe went into the Garden for flowers, he began to talk thus unto her.

What Florence, you go to the Garden? and how then, quoth ſhe, what have you to ſay to that? We ſea nothing, but you be diſcontent; you no ſpeak a me, you no look a me; nor you no drink with me, nor noting, ah Florence, how chance dat?

Go get thee hence, prating fool, quoth ſhe, I drink with thee? thou ſhalt be pie pecht firſt. Pie peck? What be pie-peckt a hea? Be got Florence, you make me a Jack-nape, you mock a me, and call me ſhitten Ian, and you be ſo proud, becauſe Haunce love you, dat ſhall be marvell, but and if you call me ſhitten Iohn any more, parmy foy ſhall not put up, ſhall not take at your hands. Who told you, that I called you ſhitten Iohn, quoth Florence, I never called you ſo. No Florence! you no call a me ſhitten Iohn? a ſo me ſhant villain pulard Haunce tell a me ſo: I never ſaid ſo, quoth Florence. But Haunce told me that you made your boaſt that I was at a beck of your finger; and that you could make me follow you up and down the whole City for a pinte of Wine; no, I would you ſhould well underſtand, I will not follow a better man than you. Of my fet Florence, me never ſay ſo. Nor yes, quoth ſhe, but you did, I can tell you by a good token, for that very

very time that I should have met you at Islington, you said it, and made me a fool to come over the fields to you, and when all came to all, you sent Haunce to tell me you were gone there hence long agone.

Ahcet toking Haunce, quoth Iohn, be des ten bon, 'tis true, for me tarry, dere more den one, two, trée hour, and had provide shapon de rabit, de creame, de pudding pie, and twenty ding more. Well howsoever it was, I am sure, I was made an asse betwixt you, and for that cause I will beware how I shew kindnesse again to any: therefore Iohn I pray you be gone, and séek some other company, for you shall not go with me. No said Iohn? Well den, adieu Florence, and so they departed.

Now it is to be understood, that Haunce had promised Florence to méet her in the Garden, and to bring with him a bottle of Wine, and there in the presence of a maid or two more, to make themselves sure together: and she for that purpose, had carryed with her a good corner of a Venison pasty. But there was an English Journey-man in the house called Nicholas that understood thereof, who méeting with Iohn the Frenchman, he made him privie thereunto, saying; Trust me Iohn, if thou wilt be ruled by me, we will not onely disappoint this match, but also with their good chear make our selves merry. John, who was glad and ready to do the Duchman any injury, consented to follow Nicholas his counsell in any thing.

Then, quoth Nicholas, it shall be thus: I will go to the Garden, and stay for Haunce his coming with the Wine, and in the meane space do thou hide thy selfe under one of the hedges of the Garden on the other side, and with thée take a couple of pots, and let the one be empty, and the other filled with water, and when Haunce is come into the Garden with his bottle of Wine (now he will not let me sée it by his good will, notwithstanding) Ile observe well where he doth set it down, and then I will finde the meanes, while they are busse in toying and talking, to conveigh the bottle of Wine through the hedge to thée, and likewise the Venison: then emptying the bottle, thou shalt fill it with water, and thrusting it through the hedge again, it shall be set where first it was found, which being done, thou shalt hastily rap at the Garden doore, at what time they shall be told that it is my Master or Mistresse, which they hearing will be in such amaze, that on a sudden they will not know which way to turn themselves, especially for the conveying away of Haunce: Now when you have knockt twice or thrice, and that you heare no body come to the doore, get you away, and stay for me at the rose in Barking, and there we will drink up their Wine, eat up the Venison: and this being done wéele laugh them to scorn.

Truly Nicholas, quoth John the Frenchman, this will be brave, and thereupon they prepared themselves to do the feat. Nicholas therefore got him into the Garden, and by and by after comes Haunce with the bottle of Wine, who knocking at the Garden doore was straight let in: but séeing Nicholas there, he secretly set his bottle in a corner: but Nick, who

had

had as searching eyes as Argus in his business, quickly did as before he had determined, and instead of Wine set the bottle down again, where he first found it full of water.

Then comes John, and lustily knocks at the doore. There is our Master and Mistresse (quoth Nicholas) Alas, quoth Florence, what shall we do for Haunce? then rapt he at the doore again, Alas, quoth she, get you over the hedge. Shall I open the doore, quoth Nick? O no, said Florence, not yet good Nick. With that he knockt more hastily: Anon, anon, quoth he. Hence Haunce: Go to the doore Nick. Who is there, quoth he? And with that opening the doore found just no body. Truly Florence, said he, they are gone whosoever they were. God be with you, I can stay no longer.

When he was departed, the Maids wished that Haunce had bẽn there again. Alas poore fellow (quoth they) is he gone, and left his bottle behind him? Marry I am glad that it is no worse, quoth Florence: And now, that the Wine is here, we will drink it for his sake, and I have here a morsell of Venison, that will give it a good relish: and therewithall looking for it, she found the cloak, but the meat gone. Now a vengeance one it (quoth she) one skurvie Cur or other hath got into the Garden, and took away the meat.

O God, what ill luck is that (quoth the Maid!) a murren one that Cur that got it: but seeing it is gone, farewell it. Well, said Florence, here is the wine yet, I know it is excellent good: for he told me he would bring a bottle of the best Renish Wine that could be bought in London: and I am certain he is as good as his word. But beleeve me Joane, he is as kind hearted, and as loving a fellow as ever professed love to any: I assure you that here is a cup of Wine that the King might drink thereof: but how shall we do for a glasse? Weele drink it out of the bottle, said Joane. Not so (quoth Florence) I do love to see what I drink, and therefore Ile borrow a glasse, at the next house. And while she goes for a glasse, said Joane to her selfe, Ile have a taste of it before she returns, again: and then setting her hand unto the bottle, and the bottle to her mouth she drank a good draught, and finding it to be something thin in the going down, she said to Besse that sat by: Credit me now, but for the name of Wine, I have drunk as good water. It is Renish Wine (quoth Besse) and that is never strong. It may be made of rain well enough quoth Ioane, At which words Florence entred with a glas: and powring it out into the glasse, she extolled the colour, saying, see what a brave colour it hath, it is as clear, I do assure you, as rock water: and therewithall drinking it off, she said, it drinks very dead: Of a troth (quoth she) this is but bad Wine, it is even as dead as a doore naile: and so filling the glasse again, she gave it unto Besse: she tasting thereof, said: Passion of me, this is plain water. Water said Ioane? Is it water? Let me taste of it once again: by My Maiden-head it is water indeed (quoth she.) Water, said Florence, you have played the drabs in drinking out the Wine, and filling

the

the bottle again with water. Of my faith (quoth Ioane) you say not true in so saying: I would you did understand, we played not the drabs in any such sort, but Haunce rather played the knave, that brought us water instead of Wine. Nay (quoth Florence) I dare swear for him that he would not serve you so for all the wealth my Master is worth. And I am perswaded it was no body but your selves that did it: but in faith you might have dealt so with another, and not with me. Nay then (quoth they) you need not to serve us so, to cause us drink water instead of Wine: and we would you should think, although you be Master Sheriffes Maid, we love our mouths as well as you do yours for your life, and it was but an homely recompence for our good will. I tell you true: neither do we care how little we come to be thus deluded. Go to, go to, said Florence, you are like to Penelope's puppy, that doth both bite and whine. I know you well enough. Know us (quoth Ioane.) What do you know by us? we defie you for any thing you can say by us. Know us? Nay it were well if thou didst know thy selfe; and heares thou? though thou hast thy companions to meet thee at thy pleasure, and we have not: no, know us? we are known to be as honest as thou art, or else we should be sorry: and so she departed in a chafe.

Now John the Frenchman and Nicholas having eaten the Venison and drunk up the wine, came back again time enough to hear all this strife, whereat they greatly rejoyced. But so soon as Florence did meet with Haunce again, she kept no small stir for mocking her with a bottle of water, about the which they fell at variance, in such sort that they were not friends for a long time after.

But during the time that Haunce was out of favour Nicholas sought the Maids friendship by all the means he might, but in vain was his pains spent therein; for although Florence (outwardly) seemed much displeased, yet Haunce had her heart still, and in procesle of time obtained great favour: the matter was grown so forward, that the performance of their marriage was forthwith appointed, which they intended should be celebrated at the Abbey of Grace on Tower hill. Notwithstanding, this matter was not kept so close, but that their secret dealings were known, and Nicholas purposing to deceive the Duchman, made John the Frenchman privie thereunto, saying; John, it is so, that this night at midnight Malle, Florence and Haunce do intend secretly to be married, and they have appointed the Frier to do it so soon as the Tapers are all put out, because they will not be seen of any: Therefore John, if now you will be my friend, I do not doubt but to marry her my selfe, and so to give the Duchman the flampam, and bore him through the nose with a cushin. Ha (quoth Iohn) be Got me shall do as you sea, and therefore Nicholas tell me what you do. Marry Iohn, quoth he, you know the Duchman loveth to drink well, and by that he loveth weele cause him to lose his Love; for we will get him out to the Tabern, and there cause him to be disguised, that he shall neither be able to stand nor go, and while he lies parbreaking his

minde

hearing this, ſcratched his head, and rubbing his elbow, ſaid, Maſoy, Nicholas dis be de fine trick: how ſhall we get him forth a doores? Excellent well quoth Nicholas, for there is a new Journey-man come to Town with Sir Hughs bones at his back, and you know, that we being of the Gentle Craft, muſt go give him his welcome, and I will tell Haunce thereof, who being now very jocund, by reaſon that his marriage is ſo nèer, will not deny to come, I know. Therefore you and the ſtranger Journey-man ſhall go before to the Tavern, and then I will go fetch him. A beene, content, content ſaid Iohn.

And ſo to the Tavern he haſted with the ſtrange man. Anon comes Nicholas and Haunce, and with them two or three Journey-men more, and all to the new Journey-man: ſitting down, they got Haunce in the midſt, called for wine luſtily, and ſuch varieties, as the Duchman was ſoon ſet packing; for every one ſought to over-charge him, and being himſelfe of a good kind to take his liquor, ſpared not to pledge every man. At what time in the midſt of his cups, being well whitled, his tongue ran at random (as wine is the bewrayer of ſecrets) ſo it proved by him, for there he opened to his companions all his whole mind, ſaying. My hearts, for all I ſit here, I muſt be a married man ere morning. God give you joy (quoth they) but who ſhall you marry, ſaid Nick, Florence? Yea Florence, ſaid the Duchman, that is the Laſſe that I do love, and all the world cannot deceive me of her now, I am the man that muſt have her Maiden head, and this night we muſt be married at the Abbey of Grace; and if you be good fellows, go with me to Church; will you go with me? will we ged with thée? (ſaid Iohn Frenchman) that we will. O Iohn (ſaid Haunce. I have wiped your noſe, and Nicks too, you muſt weare the willow Garland. Well, what remedy, (quoth they) it is the better for you: but in faith Haunce, ſéeing it is ſo (quoth Nick) wéele have one pottle of Wine more, that we may drink to the health of your fair Bryde. Ile pledge her if it be a gallon (quoth Haunce.) Be my fet and trot, ſaid John, wéele have a gallon. Yea Drawer, where be you? I pray you bring me a gallon of de beſt Claret, and a gallon of de beſt Sack, ſhall make merry I fet: what Florence be marry and I no know? But by the time that this wine was drunk, Haunce was laid up for walking any more that night. When Nick perceived that, he ſtole ſuddenly out of the Tavern, and went to méet Florence at the appointed place: but John quickly miſſed him, knew ſtraight whereabout he went, got him preſently to the Conſtable of the Poſtern Gate and told him, that Nick had laid a man for dead in Tower-ſtréet, and that he was gone to ſave himſelfe under the priviledge of the Abbey of Grace; but (quoth he) if you will go along, I ſhall bring him out with fair words unto you, and then I deſire you to clap him up to anſwer this matter in the morning. But where dwell you ſaid the Conſtable? I do dwell with Maſter Alderman Eyer (quoth John) and there you ſhall have me at all times. The Conſtable did as Iohn bade him, and commited Nicholas

to prison. In the mean space, Florence, and an old woman of Tower-street said that they did go to a womans labour, and by that means they passed along by the watch, and to the Abbey of Grace they came. They had not long been there, but that John Frenchman meeting them, said, Florence, well met, here is a fit place to finish that I have long looked for: John (quoth she) thou art like an evill spirit that must be conjured out before a body shall get any quietnesse, urge not me upon any such matters, for you be not the man I looke for, and therefore, as taking little pleasure in your presence, as of your proffers, I would be very glad to see your back. What, said John, have you no compassion upon a poore man? you be hard hearted indeed. But as he was uttering these speeches, it was his wives chance to hear his tongue, being newly come from the Barge at Billingsgate, and at that time going toward Saint Katharines, to see if she could meet with some of her Countrey folks, that could tell her any tydings of her husband; but as I said, hearing his tongue, and knowing him by his speech, she said, What, John Denevale? My husband John Denevale? What make you wed pretty wence hea? At which words John was stricken into such a dump, that he wist not what to say: notwithstanding, hearing Florence to ask if she was his wife, he answered and said, Yea. O thou dissembling fellow, quoth she, is it even so? Dost thou say thou wast a Batcheller, seeking to marry me, and hast a wife alive? Now fie on thee: O good Lord, how was I blest to escape him? nay, now I see that Haunce may have a wife in Flaunders too, although he be here: and therefore by the grace of God, I will not marry a stranger. O (quoth John) I thought my wife had been dead, but seeing she is alive, I will not lose her for twenty thousand crowns. So Florence departed, and left John with his wife.

Now, Haunce never waking untill it was next dayat noon; when he saw he had over-slept himself, being very sorry, he went home, not knowing how to excuse his folly to Florence; whom she now utterly forsook, as well in regard of his drunkennesse, as for that being a stranger, he might (like John Frenchman) have another wife living. But Nicholas (that all this while lay in prison) being brought before Alderman Eyer, rehearsed the truth, and craving pardon for his offence, was with out more ado delivered. And Florence being called before him, he made up the match between her and his man Nicholas, marrying them out of his house with credit, giving them a good stock to begin the world withall: also for John Frenchman he did very much, and shewed himselfe a good Master to his man Haunce, and to all the rest of his servants.

CHAP.

CHAP. XV.

How Master Alderman Eyer was chosen Lord Major of *London*, and how he feasted all the Prentises on Shrove tuesday.

WIthin a few yéars after, Alderman Eyer being chosen Lord Major of London, changing his copy, he became one of the worshipfull Company of Drapers, and for this yéar he kept a most bountifull house. At this time it came into his mind what a promise once he made to the Prentises, being at breakfast with them at their going to the Conduit, speaking to his Lady in this wise. God Lord (quoth he) what a change have we had within these thirty yéars? And how greatly hath the Lord blessed us since that? blessed be his Name for it.

I do remember, when I was a young Prentise, what a match I made upon a Shrove tuesday morning, being at the Conduit, among other of my companions; trust me wife (quoth he) its worth the hearing, and Ile tell thee how it fell out.

After we had filled our Tankards with water, there was some would néds have me set down my Tankard, and go with them to breakfast (as many times before I had done) to which I consented: and it was a breakfast of Pudding-pies. I shall never forget it: But to make short, when the shot came to be paid, each one drew out his money but I had not one peny in my purse, and credit I had none in the place; which when I beheld, being abashed, I said; Well my Masters, do you give me my breakfast this time; and in requitall thereof, if ever I be Major of London, Ile bestow a breakfast one all the Prentises of the City: these were the words, little thinking (God wot) that ever it should come to passe: but such was the great goodnesse of our God, who setteth up the humble, and pulleth down the proud, to bring whom he pleaseth to the seat of Honour. For as the scripture witnesseth, Promotion cometh neither from the East nor from

the West, but from him that is the giver of all good things, the mighty Lord of heaven and earth. Wherefore wife, seeing God hath bestowed that upon me that I never looked for; it is reason that I should perform my promise: and being able now, Ile pay that which then I was not able to do: for I would not have men say that I am like the Ebon-tree, that neither beares leafes nor fruit. Wherefore wife, seeing that Shrove tuesday is so nere at hand, I will upon that day fulfill my promise, which upon that day I made. Truly (my Lord) quoth she, I will be right willing thereunto. Then answered my Lord, as thou dost love me, let them want neither Pudding-pies nor Pancakes, and look what other good cheer is to be had, I will referre all to your discretion. Hereupon great provision was made for the Prentises breakfast: and Shrove-tuesday being come, the Lord Major sent word to the Aldermen, that in their severall Wards they should signifie his mind to the Citizens, to crave their favours that their Prentises might come to his house to breakfast, and that for his sake they might play all the day after.

Hereupon it was ordered, that at the ringing of a Bell in every Parish, the Prentises should leave work and shut up their shops for that day, which being ever since yerly observed, it is called the Pancake Bell. The Prentises being all assembled, my Lord Majors house, was not able to hold them, they were such a multitude, so that besides the great Hall, all the Gardens were set with Tables, and in the backside Tables were set, and every other spare place was also furnish'd: so that at length they were all placed and while meat was bringing in, to delight their eares, as well as to feed their bodies and to drown the noise of their prattlings, Drums and Trumpets were pleasantly sounded: that being ended, the waits of the City, with divers other sorts of Musick played also to beguile the time, and to put off all discontent.

After the first service, were all the Tables plentifully furnished with Pudding-pies and Pancakes, in very plentifull manner; and the rest that remained was given to the poore. Wine and Ale in very great measure they had given, insomuch that they had no lack, nor excesse to cause them to be disordered. And in the midst of this their merriment, the Lord Major, in his Scarlet gown, and his Lady in like manner went in amongst them, bidding them all most heartily welcome, saying unto them, that his promise so long ago made, he hath at length performed. At what time they (in token of thankfulnesse) flung up their Caps, giving a great shout, and incontinently they all quietly departed.

Then after this, Sir Simon Eyer builded Leaden-Hall, appointing that in the midst thereof, there should be a Market place kept every Munday for Leather, where the Shoomakers of London, for their more ease, might buy of the Tanners, without seeking any further And in the end, this worthy man ended his life in London with great Honour.

A new love Sonnet.

ALl hayle sweet youth, fair *Venis* graft,
Cheife Master of the *Gentle Craft*,
How comely seemes thou in my sight
Like *Phebus* in the heavens bright,
That never was in *Cupids* pound,
Or from his shaft receiv'd a wound;
For by thy mirth it doth appeare
Thy minde is free from griefe and care.

Shoomaker.

Faire Maid you speak no more but truth,
For why the freedome of my youth,
I value at too high a rate,
To linke my selfe with any mate;
There is no comfort on the earth,
Compared to a freeborne mirth,
When fairest beauties me orethwart,
I look the better to my heart.

When beauteous Nymphs do me surprize,
I shut the Casements of mine eyes,
For he is a fond and foolish Elfe,
That loves a maid losing himselfe,
To fall in love is such a thing,
From whence sometimes doth mischiefe spring,
I wish well unto women kind,
But for to wed I have no minde.

Maide.

What if your Casements chance to ope,
And give affection so much scope,
As to encounter with a Dame,
Why then methinks it were a shame,
For you to love and not to speake,
And by degrees the Ice to breake:
But if you speak and so obtaine,
Then have you found your heart againe.

It were a shame for Maids to woe,
But men may speak and so may you,
If that occasion offer'd be,
God *Cupids* blind and cannot see,

But

But shoots at randome here and there,
O therefore *Edmond* have a care,
At unawares you may be hit,
No pollicy can hinder it.

But O unhappy women kinde,
That toxicated are in minde,
And know not how to vent the same,
Without the losse of our good name,
They count us bold if now and than,
We do but look upon a man,
And look we may, but dare not speak,
Much lesse our mindes unto them break.

Shoomaker.

Would I were worthy for to know
The cause of this your griefe and wo,
For why, your words and looks declare,
Your minde is overcharg'd with care,
If that your heart be fled away,
And it be taken for a Stray,
The man that hath it I'le perswade,
To take some pity on a Maid.

This young man struck this faire maid mute,
She wanted one to pleade her Sute,
Faine would she speak, but was afraid,
This is the cause of many a Maid,
He was the man whom she lov'd best,
Her heart did lodge within his breast,
Although to him it was unknown,
Vntill at last he lost his owne.

Cupid the god of love came downe,
And on this young Man cast a frown,
He bent his bowe and sent a dart,
That struck the young Man to the heart,
And cause the Maid should win the prize,
He opened the Shoomakers eyes,
So when her beauty he beheld,
He gladly yeelded up the field.

With folded Armes along he walkt,
And thus unto himselfe he talkt,
O what are we that vainly trust,

In

In our weak strengths that are but dust;
I durst have sworne no living wight,
Could move me from my sweet delight,
But now I see and feele the smart,
Mine eyes too soon deceive my heart.

He that before was grown so stout,
And strong enough to keep love out,
Is vanquisht now and made to yeeld,
And did both win and lose the field;
He conquer'd her to him unknown,
She conquerd him, made him her own:
Thus Maids with men are dallying still,
Till they have brought them to their will.

Alas quoth he, how am I crost,
Beholding her, my selfe I've lost;
Now beauty is become a snare,
The which hath brought me to dispaire;
If she no other man had lov'd,
I might have hope she might be mov'd;
But she another doth affect,
And I must dye without respect.

She noting of his passion then,
As Maids will do that love young Men;
And finding the occasion fit,
Mark here a wily wenches wit;
Delayes prove dangerous she knew,
And many Maids have found it true:
Thus in her selfe resolv'd to speak,
Shee unto him her mind did break.

Quoth she young Man it is your lot,
The god of love hath laid a plot,
The net was spread, the bird is caught,
And I have found the thing I sought:
Though Men are strong and Women weak,
Stout hearts will yeeld before they'l break;
And Women sometimes win the field,
When men are willing for to yeeld.

With that the Nimphs and Rurall Swaines.
Come straightway tripping ore the plaines.

The

The Satyres made them Pipes of Reeds,
And brought in Musick more then needs;
The Syrens sung such songs of mirth,
That brought King *Oberon* from the earth;
The Fairies with their Fairy king,
Did dance about them in a ring.

Chorus

All health and happinesse betide,
The Shoomaker and his sweet bride,
Lo thus we sing and thus we dance,
Till we have brought love in a trance,
Both linckt together in sweet imbrace,
The neighbouring hills and dales resound,
With Ecchoo of our pleasant sound.

Whilst thus they sung their Roundelayes,
God, *Cupid* crown'd their heads with bayes,
The bride lookt like the Queen of *May*,
The Shoomaker led her away,
Where now they live in quiet peace,
And love doth more and more increase,
Thus love you see can finde a way,
To make both Men and Maids obey.

How a Shoomakers widdow fell in love with her man.

These three years *Iohn* I have been deep in love,
And nere till now had time my mind to move,
Speak, Canst thou love me though I am thy Dame?
I would not have thee daunted, Fie for shame.
Old Proverb, spare to speak and spare to speed,
Thou wantst a wife and I a husband need.

His Answer.

Mistris I am in love as well, tis true,
But to speak truth, in truth I love not you,
I have a Maid in Chase, as sweet a Lasse,
In my conceit I think, as ever was:
Pray then forbeare, it never shall be said,
I took a widdow and forsook a Maid.

Reader observe whats written by the Poet,
Women and Maids love men, but few will shew it.

FINIS.

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